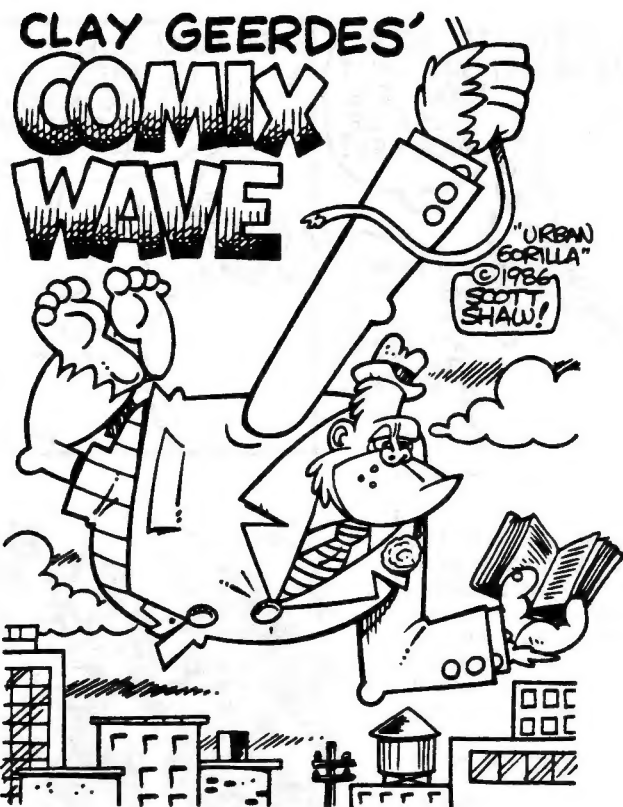


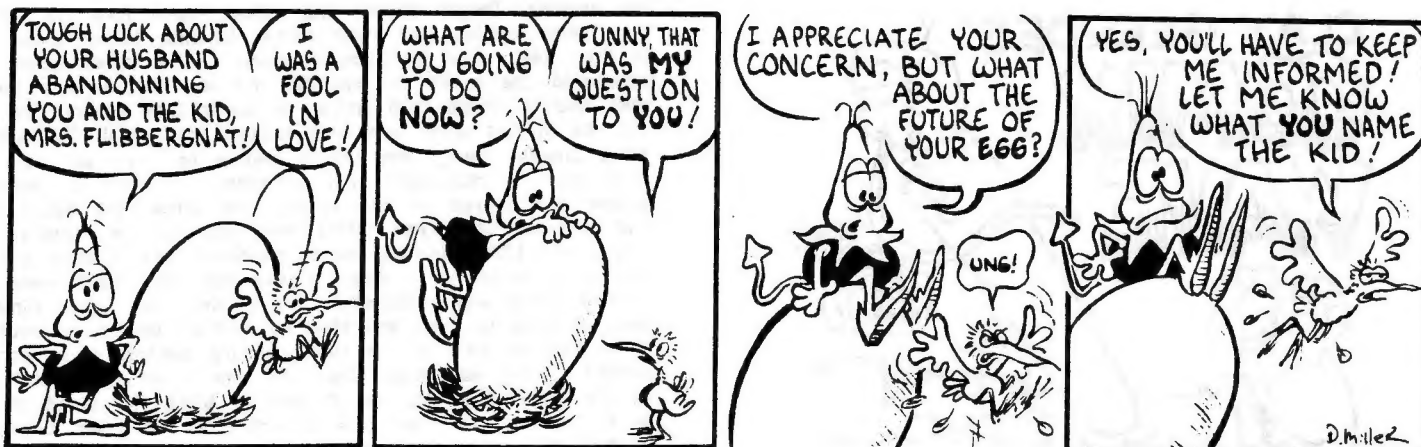


JANUARY 14, 1967

In MY SCIENCE PROJECT, Dennis Hopper returns from a time warp, dressed in his EASY RIDER buckskins, to be busted, thrown in a squad car, and driven off to jail; for what? Presumably just because of the way he looks and talks. Wild eyed glowing angelic tripper from space, a fuckin' hippie, for God's sake, a speed freak; well, Dennis flashed me back into the sixties and I realized that it was almost the 20th anniversary of the biggest gathering of people I had ever seen or hope to see, the "gathering of the tribes" which took place in the Polo Grounds of Golden Gate Park in San Francisco on January 14, 1967. Now at that time, there were a hell of a lot more people getting stoned at the beach and polishing their surf boards than there were wearing Indian and Western drag on Haight Street and Hippie was just something some journalist started and Hollywood finished. Hippie got the same image Beatnik had, because the people producing t-v series are a lot of really stupid clods with one track minds in which cops are clean-shaven heroes and anyone who is critical of establishment policies is automatically portrayed as unshaven and longhaired; needless to say they didn't really know how to deal with Jesus or George Washington, both longhairs in their time, nor could they have dealt with half the presidents of this country up until the razor blade and shaving cream companies got it brainwashed into thinking naked faces were natural and beards symbolized anarchy and rebellion and uncleanness. Most of the people at the Be-in that morning in 1967 were clean-shaven and conservatively dressed; there were only a few hundred in costumes of various kinds, and most of these were entertainers like the guys in the Sopwith Camel or the Quicksilver Messenger Service and the Jefferson Airplane and the Grateful Dead; oh, the poets tended to dress in non-American threads, Allen Ginsberg wore an Indian shirt, but the people who came to the park to see everything, to find out what it was the Oracle and the Berkeley Barb were advertising, wore their button down collars and chinos and jeans. I was in my college professor uniform, cord jacket, etc. It was a perfect day, clear blue sky, no clouds, no fog or smog, warm, and everyone we saw was headed the same way we were, down Haight Street to the park; all those people in motion and it wasn't even a marathon like the Bay to Breakers, nothing was really being promoted at all, it was basically noncommercial. By the time the chains caught wind that something was happening in the Haight-Ashbury, whatever it was had already moved elsewhere, leaving the Gray Line tourists to eat all those "love burgers". Nor were most of the people stoned on anything but the good-feelings of one another. There was a lot of drug talk, but many of those who talked about drugs all the time never used them; they were like those who are always talking about sex. It was an optimistic day. The bands played all afternoon and part of

the evening. People danced and talked, made love in the bushes, blew soap bubbles, ate their picnic lunches, talked about the war in Viet Nam, about political strategy; a strong sense of unity permeated the crowd. It was WE, not ME. People were more often seen sharing things than trying to hustle from others. The politicians and the hippies spent less time arguing than usual. This was a time when Timothy Leary was urging people to "turn on, tune in, and drop out," a philosophy that ultimately resulted in Reaganism. If people had stayed in and fought, the ultra-right would not have had such an easy time taking over America and turning back the clock. Free LSD ultimately led to emotional disorientation and political apathy; a recreational drug, it was not. Ah, there were so many adverse ideas and philosophies afloat that day. Allen Ginsberg had been to India to study and when he read his poetry, he would usually spend part or most of the time chanting mantras as he accompanied himself on his harmonium. The first time I saw Allen read was back in the mid-fifties. He was dressed in black. He stood on a crate in front of a mom and pop grocery store on upper Grant Avenue, reading his poem, America. As the sixties began, his book, HOWL, proved too honest for the establishment, and bookstores that sold it were being cited. Poets were giving benefit readings for HOWL, many of them taking place at Lawrence Ferlinghetti's CITY LIGHTS BOOKSTORE, the hub of Beat culture in San Francisco. Beat was short for Beatitude, though it later took on different connotations in the hands of ignorant pop journalists. Like Hippie. Hip came from Hep and to say someone was hip was praise in the new underground, hence it was a pejorative in the underground papers and tv newscasts. In the fifties, just after the Second World War, existentialism was the trend, written about often by Norman Mailer in the new VILLAGE VOICE (founded 1955). At that time, you were either Hip or Square. Hip survived into the sixties and you were either Hip or Straight. Mailer summed it up in his essay, THE WHITE NEGRO, and in the mid-sixties, Limeliter, Lou Gottlieb, explained it all to a UC audience as "negritude." That being the assimilation of the culture and attitudes of the American Black by a young generation of alienated whites; Gottlieb, the founder of Morningstar Ranch, was referring to the infiltration of black music into white culture via rock and roll. At this time, it was still standard practice for songs written and performed by black musicians to be "covered" by white singers, which meant that someone like Pat Boone would have a hit like "Tutti-Frutti" while Little Richard's own version would be heard less widely. I know I had never heard of Big Mama Willa Mae Thornton until that weekend I saw her onstage at the Fillmore Auditorium and I was surprised to learn that she was the author of Elvis Presley's hit, HOUND DOG. I'm not going to go into any musicology here, but American music was changed forever by what happened in Haight-Ashbury in the sixties. At the Fillmore, Avalon, or Western Front, we saw all of the great black blues bands and all of the best rock and roll bands and it was because of the scene that existed in Haight-Ashbury that bands like the Beatles and the Rolling Stones always wanted to schedule San Francisco on their American tours. One thing that has happened since then and now is a change in the way people act toward the band people. I remember standing around on the panhandle, listening to Marty Balin and Jorma Kaukonin and Jerry Garcia talk. There were no armed security guards, no giant bodyguards, because none were needed. Today, musicians have almost as many guards around them as politicians. I don't remember any fear on the streets around Haight until late 1967 when the mafia drug dealers took over the turf and the Mayor's Tac Squad started sweeping the streets. But, like any art colony, Haight-Ashbury was destined to have a short span. The landlords soon saw that people were coming into the area, looking for apartments, wanting to be where the in-crowd was, where the action was, and this meant they could renovate old houses and get high rents. Higher rents meant that the people who had moved into the neighborhood for the lower rents were now ached out by the weekend acid trippers from Montgomery Street. Before long, the character of the street shifted to favor the more affluent newcomers and the police came along to protect the money as they always do. With hard drugs now on the street, the free clinic got busier with founder David Smith reporting heroin addiction in the thousands. The Sunshine Superman was gone by the end of 1968 and people were talking about communes up in Mendocino or Sonoma.

COMIX WAVE 46. January 14, 1987.
© CLAY GEERDES, Box 7081, Berkeley
Calif. 94707. All Rights Reserved.
Logo: Scott "Big Boy" Shaw. This
month's special: 12 issues, 12 minis,
for only \$10! VAULT OF COMIX
WAVE (CW 25) is \$1.86 pp. Join us!



COMIX PLUGOLA

THE POETRY AND EROTIC ART OF SPARKY is \$2 by mail from Bruce Duncan, c/o BEFP, 2425 College Avenue, Berkeley, CA 94704. Bruce has SPARKY AND DUNCAN TELL IT COMICS (\$1.50) and SPARKY AND DUNCAN GO FOR A RUN (\$2). * The Wilson and Spain art is from DEADBEAT, the new poetry artzine from Haight-Ashbury. \$3 an issue from 1338 Haight, San Francisco, CA 94117. Latest issue has a cover by Steve "Dogboy" Lafler. * Brad Foster has published a nice magazine edition of Michael Turville's CHUCK CHICKEN AND BRUIN BEAR \$4, 4109 Pleasant Run, Irving TX 75016. * CRAZY MEN GO WILD is \$2.39 pp from Michael Roden, 611 Garfield, Milford, OH 45150. * Send panels for MONGOLOID BABIES to Tom Christopher, Box 303, Tuxedo, NY 10987. * Good story: "I Wonder Who's Squeezing Her Now," by Wally Wood, Nick Cuti, and Ernie Colon in MURDER 3 from Renegade. * Hot number: GRENDL 1 from Comico. Shades of Beowulf. * THE PUMA BLUES and CEREBUS 89 from Aardvark-Vanaheim. * At your dealer, HOW TO DRAW EASTMAN AND LAIRD'S TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES, GIZMO 2, and 3. TURTLES is up to issue #9. * STOP MAN is 50c.22 stamp from Sol, 4385 Janice, Memphis, TN 38122. * COLLAGE COMICS and CAN'T THINK OF A TITLE COMIX 1, are 25c/stamp ea from Edd Vick, 3045 Park LN #1039, Dallas, TX 75220. * FIGHTIN' GUYS 2, 25c/stamp from Matt Feazell, Box 5803, Raleigh, N C 27650. * FAT FREDDY'S CAT 6 coming from Rip Off Press. * DEATH RATTLE 6 from KITCHEN SINK. * from COMIX WAVE, DUCK & MATTRESS 4, BETSY 4, HAHHAHA! 1 (Christopher), and RETROS 4 (Jones). 50c/st each. * NOTE: YOU SHOULD SEND A NOTE SAYING YOU ARE OVER 18 WITH YOUR FIRST ORDER WHEN BUYING UG OR MINI-COMIX. MOST ARE NOT X-RATED, BUT MANY ARE, AND YOU'LL SAVE TIME. * KELPIE 2 is 50c.22 from David Puckett, POB 239, Cave City, KY 42127. * SNAPSHOTS 1 is 25c.22 from Randy Reus, 9412 Muron Ave, Richmond, VA 23229. * CITY LIMITS GAZETTE 15 is \$1.60 from Bruce Chrislip, 6217 5th NW, SEATTLE, WA 98107. * Colin Upton's THE COLLECTED SOCIALIST TURTLE is 50c.22 from him at 6424 Chester, Vancouver, BC, Canada V5W-3C3. * SHAMAN 44 and 45 are \$1 from William Dockery, 3336 River Ave, Columbus, GA 31904.



I knew people who got into that pattern. They would grow some grass up in the country, harvest it in the fall, make a short trip down to the city, sell their keys, and go back to the country life. Many are still living this pattern, I am sure. Just what happens when an art colony ends? Well, the people that move in after the creators are gone will try to make folks believe that it is still the hot spot; after all, they are there now, right? And aren't they hot? Shouldn't everyone want to go and hang out with them? No. And people don't. They look for the next spot, be it Aspen or Taos, and they try to get there. Eventually, the people who moved in after the creators have gone either give up their search for the art mecca or they move on to the next one, leaving the old one a ghost colony. Other scenes do not survive what has happened in them. Hollywood, post-Manson, is filled with armed camps, homes surrounded by electrified fences, guard dogs and closed-circuit tv surveillance; it was not like that in 1967. Ultimately, the Be-ins and Love-ins of the sixties were marketed and sold like everything else. The band scene grew and became wealthy. The Jefferson Airplane bought the old Caruso mansion on Fulton Street near the park in San Francisco. Bill Graham branched out and got rich, the only member of the old San Francisco Mime Troupe to do so. The last time I saw Allen Ginsberg, he had shaved, but he was still an activist. He was reading on the steps of Sproul Hall at a benefit against Apartheid. To see many of the familiar faces from the sixties, you have to watch PBS, because mainstream tv never shows them. Groups like the Limelites and the Kingston Trio and the Brothers Four are doing nostalgia concerts; so are Peter, Paul, and Mary. The idea of the Be-In or Love-In peaked on the East Coast at Woodstock and on this coast at Altamont in 1969. There are still people around trying to get huge numbers of people to go to certain places for grandiose parties, but the money just isn't there now and it's not so easy to get a ride hitching, and, I don't know, maybe, people just have other things they would rather do nowadays than travel thousands of miles to hang out with strangers and listen to more music.



GOSH, RAGGEDY ANN,
IT LOOKS LIKE
CLAY GEERDES'

COMIX WAVE®



PAR. HOLMAN 86

COMIX WAVE 47. © CLAY GEERDES, BOX 7081, BERKELEY, CA. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. SUBS: \$6 FOR 12. LOGO: PAR HOLMAN. THIS ISSUE IS DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF JOHNNY GRUELLE, 1880-1938, THE CREATOR OF RAGGEDY ANN AND ANDY.

RAGGEDY ANN AND ANDY

Marcella Gruelle found an old rag doll made by her grandmother. Her Daddy told her a lot of stories about it's adventures, which he later wrote down and published. True? Well, I'm skeptical about that origin story, mainly because there is so much of L. Frank Baum's PATCHWORK GIRL OF OZ in those early RAGGEDY ANN stories. Baum brought a scarecrow to life in THE WIZARD OF OZ in 1900. So should Gruelle give Baum a footnote? Well, did Baum give Nathaniel Hawthorne a footnote when he borrowed the idea for the scarecrow from Hawthorne's 1852 story, FEATHERTOP? Nope. Like the writers of comic books, children's writers are often lax in giving credit where credit is due. That is left up to people like me who care and do the research.

Raggedy Ann is a closer relative to Baum's PATCHWORK GIRL, Patches, than she is to the scarecrow. Patches came to life in 1913 and journeyed to Oz with a young boy named Ojo to get the ingredients necessary to free a couple of folks turned to stone by a magician's accident. Patches was an early feminist, a poet, outspoken, a character containing a lot of Baum's suffragette mother-in-law in her patched-up psyche. By 1914, she was on film. I expect Johnny Gruelle bought the OZ books each Christmas and read them to his daughter as was the fashion of the times. After reading about Patches over and over, he just shifted on into his own version of what Patches and the Scarecrow might be doing, what they might have been like when they were younger, hence Raggedy Ann and Andy. Oh, he borrowed from European fairy tales like all Children's story writers, but there is more of Baum, Carroll, and Kingsley in RAGGEDY ANN than there is Grimm or Anderson or Lang. When he refers to Santa Claus fixing toys, it's certain he has read Baum's LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF SANTA CLAUS (1902). The shapes of his characters and the way they are posed and the episodic nature of their adventures all betray the influence of Baum and his major illustrator, John Rea Neill. Gruelle was not one to draw from life. He had a rep of drawing fast, a talent that triggered envy among his fellow artists who

were still inking away when Johnny was on his way out the door with his fishing rod in hand. Well, Gruelle had a nice turn of brush and a flair for cuteness that made his characters popular, but it's clear he had little patience with his work. One finds a nicely rendered fantasy character here and there, but most of his illos appear to have been finished about five minutes before a deadline. RAGGEDY ANN STORIES came out in 1918, followed by RAGGEDY ANDY in 1920. The prose style was set quite early and did not change significantly. The prose is repetitious, and, unlike Baum who avoided the Victorian style of moralizing, Gruelle frequently beats his reader over the head with admonitions to be good and kind and unselfish, a habit which is offensive to the modern reader who is over six. An adult reader may still read and enjoy THE WIZARD OF OZ, but RAGGEDY ANN AND THE CAMEL WITH THE WRINKLED KNEES is likely to try even a child's patience. It is all right to ramble on and on about a simple idea when you are TELLING a story to a child night after night, but this doesn't work in the printed version and most of the RAGGEDY ANN stories are badly in need of an editor.

Johnny Gruelle was born in Arcala, Illinois, in 1880, the son of Richard B. and Alice Benton Gruelle. Along with his sister and brother, Prudence and Justin, he was raised in Indianapolis, Indiana. James Whitcomb Riley was a friend of Richard and he wrote a poem about Johnny, "The Funny Picture Man." Gruelle ran away to Cleveland, Ohio, when he was 14. He played piano in a saloon (wrote his son) and wound up drawing cartoons for THE CLEVELAND PRESS. He married Myrtle Swann in Indianapolis in 1900, and his daughter, Marcella, was born in 1902. She was Raggedy Ann.

Gruelle won a contest in 1910, which resulted in his "Mr. Twee Deedle" running until 1914 in the NEW YORK HERALD. He did "Yapp's Crossing" in JUDGE in 1911, "Yahoo Center" in the old LIFE, and "Punkin Center" in COLLEGE HUMOR. He moved his family to Silvermine, Connecticut around 1911 and lived there for six years. His sons, Worth, and Richard were born in Connecticut. Worth continued the RAGGEDY ANN stories after his father death in 1938.

Marcella did not live to see the RAGGEDY ANN stories in print. She was vaccinated for something and got an infection which affected her heart and caused her death. She was 14. She died on March 21, 1916. Worth remembers her being six or seven when Johnny started telling her the stories about Raggedy Ann. The first book was published September 10, 1918 by P. F. Volland. Originally, Gruelle did the stories in verse, but Volland said it would read better in prose, so Johnny took his advice and changed them for publication. Like Baum, Gruelle was interested in establishing fairy tales which were intrinsically American. He did MY VERY OWN FAIRY TALES in 1917, but after the enormous success of the Raggedy Ann stories and dolls, he focused on the two rag dolls. He did 27 books before his death, 18 of them about RAGGEDY ANN and ANDY. Jerome Kern wrote a song called "Raggedy Ann" which was sung in STEPPING STONES on Broadway in 1923. There were Raggedy Ann Mother-daughter dresses, Raggedy Ann haircuts, even Raggedy Ann salads. The Gruelles moved to Miami Springs, Florida. Johnny had been somewhat sick for three years and he died of heart disease on January 9, 1938.

The Johnny Gruelle Company was formed in 1939. Worth Gruelle told John Canemaker that his mother took some material to Disney in California shortly after his father died. He said that his father and Disney were friends, but this is doubtful. Gruelle isn't mentioned in any of the Disney bios and he was never in California and Disney was there from the mid-twenties on, so when would they have met to become friends? Ms. Gruelle was turned down at Disney and told that eventually the Raggedy Ann material would be in the public domain and they would get it for nothing. Well, I doubt this story, too, Worth. Sorry. I think Disney's people looked over the Raggedy Andy material and decided there just wasn't enough of a story there. This was a time when Walt was working on BAMBI and PINOCCHIO. There is no conflict in the Raggedy stories. Even when the material was finally animated in full-length in 1977, spectacle transcended character and story. Fleischer did a 20 minute short of RAGGEDY ANN AND ANDY on December 6, 1940. It just wasn't up to Disney standards and still isn't.

Which doesn't mean the Camel with the Wrinkled Knees ain't a good person, just that he's more fun to look at than read about.

-CLAY GEERDES, 12 15 86





1986

MY MONSTER HAS A HEADACHE
ELMO AND ELWOOD 1
ODDBALL KICKS 1
CANNIBALS
BABYFAT 55, 56, 57
GUN & BOAT 3
FIRST EMPIRE FUNNIES (3D ED)
FRIED BRAINS 18, 19, 20, 21, 22
DUCK 'N MATTRESS 1, 2, 3, 4
SMART ASS OL' WHITE WOMEN
MINI-TIPS 3
WEIRD PUKE (GATHER)
MONSTERS AIN'T SO BAD
SLEAZY HORROR 12 (SLOANE)
CRAZY CRAP (BORS)
BROKE 'N' HART 3
PUNKOUT 1, 2
GRIT! (WALTMAN)
STONER MAN 12 (PARSONAVICH)
HOW'S IT GOIN' (ERLING)
DANCE OF DEATH 10
BETSY 1, 2, 3, 4 (CASLOR)
HAHAHA! 1 (TOM CHRISTOPHER)
ISLAND OF GIANT MONSTERS
VISION 3 (PARSONAVICH)
SCARY COMICS 1 (SLOANE)
WEIRD WABBITTS 1
THE ACCUSERS (DISSMEYER)
MORIBUND LOVE (DISSMEYER) \$1.39
LIEBESAUSSCHWEIFUNGEN (1.39)
EARTH FIND (PASTERNAK)
GROWING UP WEIRD 3 (WILLIAMS)
UNWELCOME AWARENESS (CAD)
REVENGE OF THE JORKS (BORS)
SURROUNDED AND FRIGHTENED
XXX (GATHER ET AL)
RETROS 1, 2, 3, 4 (JONES)
ZEITGEIST 1, 2, 3 (GATHER)
COMIX WAVE MAG 27-28 (1.39 EA.)
THE VAULT OF COMIX WAVE (1.89)
(COMIX WAVE 25/SPECIAL)

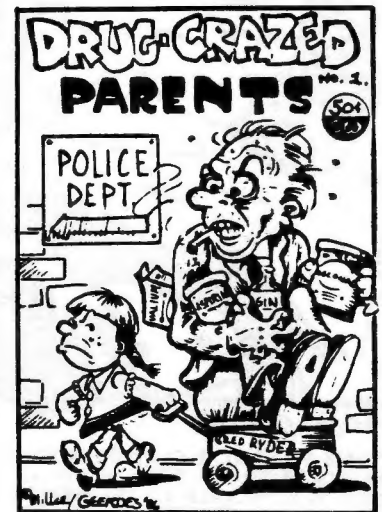
VALENTINE SPECIAL!

THE BIG 25

25 50¢ mini-comix for only \$10. Today's mini-artist is tomorrow's pro. Find out what this younger generation of cartoonists is doing.

Support the minis.

NOTOLA: Plugs in COMIX WAVE cost two copies of your zine. I keep one for my private stash and sell the other one to make expenses.* MODERNMAN is 50¢/22 stamp from Mike Hill, 327 Pacific St., Franklin, PA 16323. Mike's WORKER POET 10 is an all Mayakovsky issue and it's \$2 from him. He uses contributions.* CALLIPYGIAN CREATIONS 1 is 25¢/stamp from John Hosier, 4906 W 12th St., Cedar Falls, IA 50613.* FAN'TOONS 13 is \$1.39 pp from Edd Vick, POB 9612, Austin, TX 78766.* From COMICO, GRENDL 2, and JOHNNY QUEST 5--hot ones!* First has the full-color TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES album out and, hey, the turtles look better in color. Eastman and Laird should go for it and put them all out in color from now on.* TED #1 is 75¢ pp from L. Celotto, 27 Bold St., #3, Hamilton, Ontario, Canada L8P 1T3.* Renegade will be publishing Scott Shaw's Urban Gorilla in AMUSING STORIES.* FIRECRACKERS 4 is 50¢/st from William Dockery, 3226-A River Ave., Columbus, GA 31904. Bill also has IDIOT SOLVENT 1 for 75¢.* P. D. Wilson's MEDICIN WHEEL is 50¢/st. from him, 3720 17th Ave., Columbus, GA 31904.* I just saw this spastic high school girl with spiked blue hair in front of La Bottega on Telegraph Avenue. All dressed in black except for a pair of little spiked-heeled white boots. What do you think this means?* EL VIBORA Nos. 80 and 81 keep up the underground tradition in Spain. \$6 each from J. M. Berenguer, Plaza Beatas 3, Barcelona, SPAIN.* "I was working. I was reading a comic book." --Lou Costello.* DRUG-CRAZED PARENTS is 50¢/stamp from CW. Miller, Holman, Tosh, Vojtko, Siegey. The mini that talks back. Just say no to nicotine, caffeine, alcohol, valium, librium, and strontium 90 and you'll lead a healthy life.* A lot of good stuff in FRISKY FROLICS 1 from Renegade. Alex Toth did the cover.* The necktie is a contemporary manifestation of the Roman slave collar. It was no accident when a hanging was referred to as a "necktie party" in the Old West.* For 25¢/stamp, you get a copy of TOMMY PINTO from Mike Delisa, 57-02 142nd St., Flushing, N Y 11355.* Watch for a lot of familiar mini-artists in the upcoming SPLAT! from Strnad Publishing.* ROBERT PASTERNAK: THE IMAGERY OF HIS WORK, V. 1 is \$1 pp from him 291 Rupertsland Ave., Wpg. Man, Canada R2V 0G5.* In this technological age, we tend to hero-worship the personalities and fantasy worlds of the past.* UNCONTROLLED COPY is \$1.25 from Wayne Honath, 332 Atlantic Dr., Pittsburgh, PA 15228-1125.* NEW REALITY is \$1.75 pp, a DZ from POB 3014, Vancouver, B.C. V6B 3X5.* RASCALLY REINDEER is 50¢pp from Mike Ehrhart, 931 Oakview Ave., Columbus, GA 31907.* VIKING STEW is 2 stamps from Tim Hagstrom, 1813 S. 15th St., Fargo, N D, 58103.* CRACKER CHRONICLES (DZ) is \$1.35 pp from Michael Shores, POB 901, Allston, MA 02134.* EXQUISITE CORPSE 12 is 50¢/st from 615 Phinney Ave., Seattle, WA 98103.* GAKZILLA ONE is 25¢/st from John Westbrook, 225 W. Arthur, Roselle, IL 60172.* ELMO AND ELWOOD is 50¢/st from CW.* SNAX 1 is 44¢/.39 from Dr. Artie Bohm, 603-2nd Ave N E. 56301.* DISHMAN 3 is 60¢ pp from John MacLeod, 48 Carden St., Apt 201, Guelph, Ontario, Canada N1H 3A2.* HEY! 3 is \$1.25/.39 from David Tosh, POB 64605, Dallas, TX 75206.* MS. ANTI-SOCIAL is \$1.75 from Tom Roberts, 333 S. East Ave., #209/Oak Park, IL 60302.* COCK-EYED CAPERS is 50¢/st from Ed Watson, 2619 Glenrio Dr., San Jose, CA 95121. BIRD COMICS 3 is \$1.25/st from Hal Hargit, POB 313, Addison Sta, Dallas, TX 75001.* HAI TEK 2 is 25¢/st from Hal.* FOOLISH MORTAL COMICS 1 is 25¢/st from COMICS FORUM, 315 Sanchez St., S. F. CA 94114.* KIDGILANTES 1 and 2 are \$1/st from Bella Studios, 2619 Glenrio Dr., San Jose, CA 95121.* ZABAWNY 2 is 25¢/st from POB 3433, Merchandise Mart Sta., Chi, IL 60654.* AMAZING ANIMAL COMICS 1 is \$1.50 pp from Pyramid Productions, 327 N. Oakdale, Medford, ORE 97501.* SHAMELESS 2 is 25¢/st from Bevson Enterprises, 214 N Washington #5, Champaign, IL 61820.* THE WHAMMY 1/25¢/Bevson.



BE MORE CAREFUL! PEOPLE MIGHT THINK YOU'RE THE FATHER!

YES, DEAR!



GEERDES '85
in support of
A.B. ROST
and Brer Rabbit.

COMIX WAVE 48. March, 1987.
© Clay Geerdes, Box 7081, Berkeley, CA 94707
All Rights Reserved. Sub: \$6 for 12.
This issue dedicated to Brer Rabbit
and all the anonymous Black story tellers
who kept his legend alive.

BRER RABBIT REVISITED

Brer Rabbit symbolized the revolutionary black slave, an angry trickster who always outwitted his white owner (Brer Fox or Brer Wolf) and often killed him. Now that's not the way you remember Brer Rabbit, because you probably saw him cleaned up for the silver screen by Walt Disney and his animators for SONG OF THE SOUTH (1946). Well, fact is, ol' Brer Rabbit was smuggled into this country by African slaves, but we learned about him from a journalist named Joel Chandler Harris. Story goes that Harris read an article in 1876 which was about Negro folk tales told in dialect. This reminded him of the stories he used to hear on the plantation when he was a kid and he sat down and wrote up some of the stories he remembered, publishing them one at a time in his paper, the Atlanta CONSTITUTION. A publisher saw the stories and suggested a book and that book was UNCLE REMUS, HIS SONGS AND SAYINGS (1880). Uncle Remus was an invention of Harris, a kindly old white-haired black man who told stories about Brer Rabbit and Brer Terrapin to a little white boy while they sat before the fireplace in his cabin. Problem with Remus was he was Harris in blackface, a man untroubled by the fact that he was a slave; this image caused Uncle Remus to rise to stardom in the Reconstruction South of the 1880s, and it caused him to fall from grace in the stormy era of the Civil Rights Movement of the late 1950s along with Uncle Tom and the rest of the white-written emasculated blacks.

Probably the best known story about Brer Rabbit is the first one in Harris' first book (there were ultimately 10, with a few coming after Harris' death in 1908.). In this story Brer Fox tries to snare Brer Rabbit by making a tar baby and leaving it in the good Rabbit's path. Being a friendly sort, Brer Rabbit speaks to the tar baby and when he receives no reply, he figures this little character is stuck up and needs to learn some manners. Turns out Brer Rabbit lays one on the tar baby and gets himself stuck. The more he tries to knock the sticky little wise guy around, the stuckier he becomes until he is almost a part of the tar baby. Now this makes Brer Fox laugh, because he's got the little bugger now. He comes out and says he's now going to kill Brer Rabbit and have him for dinner. Okay, says the Rabbit, but don't throw me in that briar patch. Of course, after some dickering, the Fox does throw him in the briar patch. This gives Brer Rabbit the last laugh, because he was born in that briar patch and is now safe. A simple bit of folklore, but subtle, and influential (Toni Morrison wrote a novel out of the event, TAR BABY).

What appears a simple folk tale tells a lot about the African's attitude toward his white captor. He must create his own image and be wary of getting stuck with an image created for him by the slave owner.

Joel Chandler Harris was a reluctant folklorist. He didn't really set out to collect folk tales; he just found himself involved and couldn't seem to quit. People sent him outlines of tales and researchers wrote to him and he had bills to pay and publishers wanted a follow up book, so he found himself turned into Uncle Remus. All of his life, he continued to make efforts to get away from the character, but his other books sold poorly. However much Harris shared the viewpoint of the white bourgeoisie of his time, one must give him credit for being a careful and methodical collector of folktales. He would not print one of them unless he heard it orally and he was always careful to get the dialect down, because it was his purpose to record the tale exactly as it was being re-told by the Negroes of his time. To his discredit, I did not find any evidence that he ever shared any of his royalties with the black people who told him the tales, though I have read correspondence published in the biography written by his daughter-in-law that shows he did pay various white people who sent him outlines. After the surge of Afro-Americanism in the sixties, which had its major impetus in Northern and West Coast university communities, Uncle Remus fell into disfavor and along with him, his creator, Joel Chandler Harris. Not only the image of Remus, but his dialect, too, was rejected. When William J. Faulkner published his memoirs in 1977 as THE DAYS WHEN THE ANIMALS TALKED, he excluded dialect, arguing that he wanted clarity in the writing for the children who might read the stories. Faulkner heard the versions of the Brer Rabbit stories he published from Simon Brown and in DAYS he projects Simon as a heroic slave who fought against his enslavement and swore he would never rest until he was free. Brown was the antithesis of Uncle Remus. No Puritan like Harris, Brown reaffirmed the sexual nature of Brer Rabbit in his stories. We always knew, of course, that Brer Rabbit had more than "Ol' Molly Har" to wife. Being a hare, like Bugs Bunny and all of his subsequent imitators, he would have been quite profligate and seldom monogamous. Most of the stories about him focus on his everyday economic behavior. They tell the way Brer Rabbit got others to build homes which he then lived in, how he tricked Brer Fox or Brer Bear out of their food, and, often, how he just played jokes on people for the sheer fun of it. All of these stories come from one or another African village, including the best known like the race between him and Brer Terrapin (tortoise or turtle). Aesop, who always gets the credit for that one was reputed to be an Ethiopian slave, hence when we are talking about funny animals of any kind, we are usually talking about creatures of African origin. One problem I had with Faulkner's tales was his introduction of Brer Tiger and Brer Gilyard (a dragon), because tigers are indigenous to India, not Africa, and dragons are of Chinese, not African origin; there are no tigers or dragons in any of the tales collected by Harris.

It isn't easy to research Harris on the West Coast. Some biographies of him have been published by Southern universities, but they are not available here. Harris's books are not widely available either, perhaps due to local censorship by librarians, perhaps stolen since all the early editions sell at high collector's prices.

-CLAY GEERDES, 9/5/86





WHAT'S HAPPENING IN COMIX WAVE?

Since most of what we are seeing in comics today is an outgrowth of children's literature, I decided to research and make available information and material relative to the subject. No easy task, I have found, since most of the children's books around are contemporary, particularly those in the libraries. That shouldn't surprise you, since these books, like their comic book contemporaries, are collected. This means that some libraries did have the books, but they have been stolen or placed in special collections where the public has only limited access to them. I'm systematic in my studies, off and on, which means I really write about what happens to interest me at the moment and put other things aside for some future time. To you that means I am chronological most of the time, but not all of it. If you keep your newsletters in a folder, you will eventually have a nice reference file should you ever get into the subject yourselves. Needless to say, I can only touch on the high points in my limited space, but these will serve as a jumping off place for you.

I don't like the term "children's literature" anymore than I like many of the terms we are stuck with. These days it is really a misnomer since the majority of children do not read; they watch TV. Their knowledge of any of what we have come to think of as classical children's literature comes from TV (usually animated versions done by Disney, Spielberg, et al.). Likely, this is true even of some of you who are over 30. It would probably surprise you to learn that those seven dwarves had neither individual personalities nor names in Grimm's SCHNEEWITZEN, that there was no Thumper or Flower in Felix Salten's 1926 novel, BAMBI, nor any whale in Collodi's PINOCCHIO. This doesn't mean you're an illiterate clod unworthy to live with thinking people, it merely means you have grown up in an electronically-oriented environment where reading becomes secondary to watching. Today's 15-year-old has grown up with STAR WARS and Japanese robots that turn into machines of war, not with Crusader Rabbit and Howdy Doody. This is a given; neither good nor bad. It is my feeling, however, that these folks HAVE missed out on a lot.

So I don't like the term children's literature because much of what is out there on the shelves under that title is not literature at all, merely TV print-out, not even poorly disguised advertising for cuddly little monsters. That which is literate is not for children at all, but for people like me who enjoy reading and thinking about it. Oh, I know, classics like ALICE IN WONDERLAND and PETER PAN and even something as obtuse and dated as Kingsley's WATER BABIES still sell, but I would be willing to bet they sit unread on the bookshelves of little TV watchers and video game addicts. I've talked to too many children about this. I ask them about ALICE and sure, they know about her, but when I mention some of the characters I get this blank look and an admission of well, Mom got me that and I was always going to read it but.. Well, that's okay. I never could read ALICE when I was a boy, but as an adult I find it one of the most interesting books anyone may read about Victorian culture. There is even a theory around that the two ALICE books are really Queen Victoria's diaries in disguise. You see, kids are into immediate story, while adults are often interested in what is behind the story. There is Peter Pan, a flying boy who is half-human and half-fairy, but there are also George and Peter Llewelyn Davies, two of the boys upon whom Peter Pan was based. What happened to them? I'm going to tell you later this year in my Peter Pan issue. There is Peter Rabbit who came to life in a letter to a boy named Noel Moore in 1893 and was destined to become one of the most famous rabbits

in children's fiction; well, there is also Thornton Waldo Burgess's Peter Rabbit who came to life in a newspaper story in 1910. Did Burgess swipe Peter from Beatrix Potter? I'll be telling that story in my issues on Potter and Burgess.

L. Frank Baum was the major influence on SUPERMAN and STAR WARS and Garis and Burgess were two of the major influences on funny animal comics as they developed in America. Okay, you can get on to the plugs now. ---CLAY GEERDES

COMIX PLUGOLA

DOOR PRIZE COMICS 1 is 25¢/stamp from Half Pint Press, 2117 Wilson St., Durham, N C 27705.* SHAMAN 46 is 65¢pp from William Dockery, 3226 River Ave, Columbus, GA 31904.* SHAMELESS COMICS 3 and WHEN PONIES RULED THE EARTH are 25¢/stamp each from Benson Enterprises, 214 W. Washington #5, Champaign, IL 61820. SASE for their list of titles.* IDIOT SOLVENT is 75¢ pp from Bill Dockery.* FESTIVE DESPERATION is 75¢pp from Wayne Honath, 332 Atlanta Dr., Pittsburgh, PA 15228-1125.* From COMIX WAVE: PAGAN 7, Bob Sheridan's THE ANTI-ARTIST 2 and 3 (\$1.22pp for both), and BABYFAT 57. Send SASE for current listing of CW mini-comix.* Paul Curtis 3-D Minicomix #1 is 75¢/stamp from him, RD 2, Saegertown, PA 16433.* CULT COMIX 4 is \$1.39pp from John E., POB 8312, Wichita, KS 67208.* MR. POTATOE HEAD is 75¢/.39 stamp from Yassi Knodel, 2505 St. Road 252, Martinsville, IN 46151.* RAMBI 1 is \$1.39pp from Kurt Wilcken, 1010 School St., #5, Des Moines, IA 50309.* George Erling's Limited edition of TOP SECRET STUFF is \$5pp from him, RD #1, Box 334, Franklin, N J 07416.* ON A DESK 1, 2, are 25¢/.22 stamp each from Halfevil Graphics, 978 Spring Run Lane, Martinsville, N J 08836. Send SASE for their list of titles.* Renegade Press will publish LOVE FANTASY. The cover of #1 is by Jacques Boivin. Renegade has also taken over WIMMIN'S COMIX, which was pioneered by Patricia Moodian back in 1971. #11 will be out this coming April.* Jan Strnad, who wrote many of Richard Corben's early illustrated stories, has started his own company, Mad Dog Graphics. He's doing a humor mag called SPLAT! Contributions to him at POB 931686, Hollywood, CA 90093.* OVERHEARD IN LONDON SNACK BARS is \$3 from Cherry Stone Press, 4715 16th St., NE, Seattle, WA 98105. Garry Hardman is working on DR. DOOM with Paul Curtis.* Milt Gray is in La Jolla working on a fully animated film re Shamu, The Killer Whale. C.G.





FLASHBACKS IN SPACE

Rip Van Winkle only slept 20 years, but he woke up to find a world very different from the one he went to sleep in. In Bellamy's *LOOKING BACKWARD*, Julian was mesmerized and awoke from his trance 113 years later to find the world had gone (-chokel) socialist. That was in 1888. By the end of that decade, Henry George Wells had sent his hero travelling into the deep deep future to discover the Eloi being raised for food by the Morlocks. Philip Francis Nowlan owed all of these people when he told the story of what happened in *ARMAGEDDON 2419 A.D.* (1928), but his predecessors were theorists, intellectuals, speculators--Nowlan, with perhaps a nod in the direction of Wells' *THE WAR OF THE WORLDS*, created the ultimate space fantasy hero in Anthony Rogers, a guy who wakes up after 492 years in suspended animation in a Pennsylvania coal mine to find himself involved in a war. It's the Americans in the jungle against the Mongols in the air. Nowlan's sequel, "The Airlords of Han," ran in *AMAZING STORIES* in August of 1928. Nowlan was a techno-freak who loved weaponry, one who made up his own theories of electricity. Tony and Wilma Deering hop around the jungle in anti-gravity belts as they plot against the Han airships above them. This grasshopper mode of travel was borrowed by Jerry Siegel in 1932 when he wrote the first *SUPERMAN* story for his science fiction fanzine. The rest of the character was borrowed from the Philip Wylie/Edwin Balmer collaboration, *GLADIATOR* (1930). Rogers and Wilma defeated the Mongols and got married. John Flint Dille, President of the National Newspaper Syndicate of America, thought it would be nice to have a futuristic comic strip. Lt. Dick Calkins did some roughs and by January 7, 1929, Anthony Rogers had become Buck Rogers and the space race was on. That same year, Alex Raymond would turn Buck into Flash Gordon and Wilma into Dale Arden, the art work would improve, but the basic conflict would remain the same: the good white world against the evil Asian menace, now personified in the character of Ming the Merciless, who would ultimately become the leader of the Klingons in 1966 and end up as Darth Vader in 1975. He was also Fu Manchu as you Sax Rohmer fans will recall. Buck, Flash, and Brick Bradford were the Science fantasy heroes of the thirties with Superman joining up in June of 1938 when Siegel and Schuster finally made a deal with National to publish his origin in *ACTION*

COMICS. The switch was that Superman was an Extra-terrestrial, sent to Earth from Krypton by his scientist father. Buck, Flash, and Brick were all earthlings, whose survival in the face of danger had more to do with the plot manipulations of their creators than any inherent invulnerability. Buck had a disintegrator ray gun to protect him; Superman didn't need one; he WAS a weapon. Buck's ray gun said, "ZAP!" in the strip, something Robert Crumb must have noted in his childhood.

Much of the fantasy technology from the early stories has become reality in our time. Television was developed in 1928 and Nowlan probably knew of it. It was on display at various State Fairs by 1931, but not developed for mass use until the late forties. The "Telev-eye" became the Telestar. There were robots in BR a decade before Isaac Asimov made them popular in *I, ROBOT* (1942). The "electro-hypnotic" test has become the Polygraph (lie detector) and the "echo-graph" is the Sonar, standard equipment on all ships and submarines. The idea of a "mother ship" and smaller ships or modules or pods comes from Nowlan. The airships of Han were similar to Zeppelins, but the Mongol ships in Calkins' strip were often circular discs similar to UFOs reported seen in the fifties. These were filmed in *INVADERS FROM MARS*, *THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL*, and the circular shape has prevailed through *CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND*.

Is there anything original in all of *STAR TREK*? Hey, what about the transporter? Nope. Dr. Huer beamed Buck Rogers all the way to Jupiter, and remember *THE FLY* (1957). Well, Tony married Wilma back in *ARMAGEDDON 2419 A.D.*, but that's how they did things back then. By 1966, James T. Kirk would only marry his ship, the Enterprise. Flash and Dale were always too busy fighting off Mongols or Lion-men to get married, and, he was from Yale, besides, so what can one say? Phasers? Just Buck's ray gun reduced. Lucas enlarged the phasers for *STAR WARS*. He wanted his gang to have bigger guns. Buck Rogers' Solar Scouts were the forerunners of the Trekkies.

Hey, that idea for *THE FLY* came from a 1942 *BUCK ROGERS* strip. Wilma Deering wound up invisible when her atoms didn't reassemble after she and Buck were transported to Jupiter. The idea of invisibility came from H. G. Wells' *THE INVISIBLE MAN* (1897), showed up in Thorne Smith's *TOPPER* (1926), then in Russell Stamm's *INVISIBLE SCARLET O'NEILL*, on to the *BUCK ROGERS* episode, and finally into *INVISIBLE GIRL* in *THE FANTASTIC FOUR*. The most absurd use of invisibility was in *WONDER WOMAN*. She had an invisible airplane. The idea was swiped from Wolverton's *SPACEHAWK* (*TARGET COMICS*, June 1940-1942). *Spacehawk* had a robot pilot and could summon his ship telepathically. His jumping belt links him with Buck Rogers. The hornosaur links *SPACEHAWK* with Katz' *THE FIRST KINGDOM* (the Hornodon). You may want to trace Nowlan's *PHONOVISION* through *SPACEHAWK* into *JAMES BOND* (1950), *STAR TREK* (1966), and on to *SPACE 1999* and *BATTLESTAR GALACTICA*. Or perhaps Nowlan's dogmen through Larry Todd's *IT'S A DOG'S LIFE* and on to Steve Lafler's *DOGBOY*.

I see more of Wells and Bellamy in *ARMAGEDDON 2419 A.D.*, but one cannot discount the influence of Edgar Rice Burroughs who began writing his Mars stories as early as 1911, one of which was *INVISIBLE MEN OF MARS*. Nowlan was more socialist than capitalist: "There could be only a very limited degree of owning anything that might be classified as 'resources'. Resources of every description, for military safety and efficiency, belonged as a matter of public interest to the community as a whole. (*ARMAGEDDON 2419 A.D.*, p. 22, Ace edition, 1962)." Indeed, most futuristic fiction comes from the theoretical writings of utopians, most of whom leaned toward socialism, being critical of the private accumulation of wealth. It has to be ironic that those who make fortunes writing about socialism become capitalists, joining the rich who are usually villains in their novels. What has happened in most futuristic fiction is the ascendance of technology over character a situation in which the form of economic or political control becomes rather meaningless. Happy to invent a lot of sophisticated weaponry on paper, Nowlan and most of his successors have seldom stopped to think about where the raw materials would come from to actually produce those weapons. These *ROAD WARRIOR* and *ESCAPE TO NEW YORK* films are throwbacks to early Nowlan. In a post-atomic war situation, where would all that ammunition come from? Ah, well, I get a kick out of all this stuff as I'm sure you do, but sometimes it's fun to take a look at it, to compare this and that, to ask what's new and what's just re-running for the zillionth time.

CLAY GEERDES

COMIX WAVE 49. April, 1987.

© CLAY GEERDES, Box 7081, Berkeley, CA 94707. All Rights Reserved. Logo by Joe Pasternak. Subs: \$6 for 12. Plugs: two copies of your zine. If you collect Golden Age, undergrounds, minis, newaves, send want list. Deadline for next issue: March 14. Deadline for next mailing: April 14. Comix are the people's fine art.



COMIX PLUGOLA

COMIX WAVE MINI-SERIES: BABYFAT 57, FRIED BRAINS 23 and 24, Bob Sheridan's ANTI-ARTIST 2, 3, and PUNGX 1, Jones and Wilson's RETROS 5, GRASS GREEN'S ONE-SHOT COMIX 2, and Gaither and R. K. Sloane's FRESH MEAT ONE. 50¢ each, plus 1 22¢ stamp per 3 minis. FAN'TOONS 14-15 is \$1.39 from Edd Vick, POB 3008, Richardson, TX 75083-3008.* Jim Williams' SKINBOY: DEAD LOVE is 75¢ pp from him, 2109 N W Irving, #414, Portland, ORE 97210.* MODERN ART COMIX 1 is 50¢/stamp from Alex Rosmarin, 1211 Dusky Thrush, Austin, TX 78746.* RABID DUCK 1 and VEGGIES IN SPACE are 50¢/st each from Chris Sharpe, 2643 N W 49th, Okla City, Oklahoma 73112.* ZABAWNY 3 and 4 are 25¢/st ea from POB 3433, MM STA, Chicago, IL 60654.* THE BOOK/POSSESSION and INTO THE ABYSS are 50¢/stamp each from Bill Ehmann, 1595 Herbert Street, Apt 12., Santa Rosa, CA 95401.* DADA GUMBO 9 is \$1/stamp from Dale Luciano, 810 Glendale Ave., Ashland, ORE 97520.* GOSKY COMICS is \$2.50 pp from Dolphin Moon, POB 22262, Baltimore, MD 21203. Cover by Margot and inside a "possible origin story" of Morty the Dog by Steve Willis.* SPLATTER 4 is \$3 pp from 4080 Garden City Rd., Richmond, B C Canada V6X 2K1.* EL VIBORA 82 is \$7 pp from J. M. Berengueur, Plaza Beatas 3, Barcelona SPAIN.94 pages of color sex, violence, & ?* Randy Maxson has collected his work into THE GEEK BOOK. \$6 from Zeke Publishing Co., 56-A Bowdoin St., Malden, MA 02148.* STEEL PULSE 2 is \$2 from Dennis J. Pimple, POB 1348, Denver, COLO 80201. 6x9 full-sized comic.

ALTERNATIVES: CEREBUS 90, 91, and THE PUMA BLUES 3 from Aardvark-Vanaheim.* Steve Lafler's DOGBOY 2 (new work--now published by Fantagraphics).* GRENDAL 3 from Comico.* TALES OF THE BEANWORLD 5 and THE DREAMERY 2 from Eclipse. The latter is an illustrated version of Carroll's ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND by Lela Dowling. The art is more Disney than Tenniel. There are a number of artistic errors which probably won't bother anyone but me. Like the missing pockets in Alice's apron in the first part. Where is she going to put the things she uses during the story? Alice didn't break the White Rabbit's window. The way Lela shows it, Alice would have cut her arm to ribbons. The way her foot is stuck in the fireplace, she could not have kicked Bill upward. Alice did not braid her hair, but then this IS an adaptation, so I expect we must accept the same kind of silliness that ruined the Disney film of ALICE.* NEIL THE HORSE 13 is out from Renegade.* THE PIZZ tells me a young man in Ohio has ripped off SKRIT, put his own name on it, and is advertising it for sale. SKRIT belongs to the PIZZ who drew it and anyone who would pull something like this deserves only contempt. Tracing is low enough, but this? Telegraph Avenue is down to one Comic Book store now. Best of Two Worlds closed this past week, a mixture of bankruptcy and landlord greed. Another factor is comic glut. There are too many, too expensive comics now on the market. The newcomer has no idea what to buy and usually just stays with a few old standbys. Many of these comix have nice covers, but nothing inside to justify a full comic book. I expect a serious comix recession due to this excess. C.G.

CRUMB AGAIN



1975, there was a Hooker's Ball held at the Hilton Hotel in San Francisco. Crumb was playing with the Cheap Suit Serenaders at the time and he was picking banjo and "singing in the bathtub," when he spots Miss America from the Free Store Theater on the dance floor. She was wearing only some strands of hair on her breasts and pubes and some longer hair between her buttocks. A bit later when the band was taking a break, I spotted Crumb following that horse's tail around the ballroom. Whether he caught her or not I can't tell you Maybe that story will show up in a future issue of HUP.

HUP has politics, sex (less blatant than the younger Crumb), homelife, and opinions about everything; just what you need to cure you of all that neurotic superheroism. \$2.50 from your local dealer. C.G.





WHAT PETER PAN SYNDROME?

In **THE PETER PAN SYNDROME**, Dan Kiley wrote about Peter Pan as though he were a real person. He wasn't and isn't. He was a projection of James Matthew Barrie's psyche and any psychoanalytical commentary re Peter must take into account the psychological profile of the author and his relationship to his literary work. Kiley wrote: "the most reliable source of Peter's anxiety is that his sense of urgency was out of balance...he calmly played his pipes as Captain Hook ignited the fuse of a bomb. He was thrilled at the prospect of drowning because dying sounded like a great way to spend the afternoon. It doesn't take a [sic] hysteric to get upset about these two calamities. Peter, however, didn't even break into a sweat (64)." Why would he? Peter Pan isn't real. He exists only within the framework of 1) **THE LITTLE WHITE BIRD**, where he made his first appearance in 1902; 2) the play, **PETER PAN**, which was written in 1904 and premiered in New York on November 6, 1905, and; 3) in the book **PETER AND WENDY**, published in 1911. Peter was half-human and half-fairy. He didn't and doesn't grow up, because Barrie wrote him into being as a boy who never grew up. Fictional characters do not have choices. And if Peter doesn't sweat, it's because it was not considered proper to discuss sweating or other bodily functions in the Victorian period, so Peter is, in this manner, simply conventional.

The essence of Kiley's "Peter Pan Syndrome" is that some men don't grow to adulthood along with their bodies. They look like adults, but inside they remain little boys in search of a Wendy to mother them. Fine, but what has this got to do with Peter Pan? Very little. Peter is not a boy-man. He is a fictional creature, conceived by Barrie and everything he does is governed by Barrie's plot structure. If you want to understand Peter Pan and how he came to be, you must examine the life of Barrie. Born on May 9, 1860, in Kirriemuir, Scotland, the 5th child of a weaver named David Barrie and his wife, Margaret Ogilvy, James Matthew Barrie was destined to remain small all his life, never growing taller than 5 feet. His brother, David, favorite of his mother, died in a skating accident at the age of 14. His death and Margaret's reaction to it gave birth to the idea of Peter Pan, a boy who would never grow beyond the age of 14. David would never grow older and Barrie would never grow taller, hence Peter Pan, whose story was first told to the Davies children in Kensington Gardens. Wendy was a fantasy version of Barrie's mother who often told him stories about her own childhood. Barrie's marriage to Mary Ansell, an actress in his play **WALKER, LONDON**, had not worked out. Barrie wanted children, but could have none with her, so he started staying in London and eventually moved to Kensington Gardens when they separated. Barrie made friends with the Davies

children in the park and actually began to compete with their mother, Silvia, for their affection (see **THE LITTLE WHITE BIRD**). By this point in his career as a dramatist, Barrie was rich and his wealth gave him the edge on the Davies, but it was fate that gave him their children to raise as his own. The Davies parents, models for the Darlings in **PETER PAN**, died of cancer in their early forties. Barrie became ward of the 5 children, one of whom was named Peter. Because of his name, Peter Llewelyn Davies, he was ragged at Eton as the "real Peter Pan" and he hated it, probably as much as Alice Liddell Pleasance hated being reminded that she was the inspiration for **ALICE IN WONDERLAND**. Peter was actually named for Peter Ibbetson, and Peter Pan was a composite, a demi-god out of myth and folklore. The character was more of an extension of Barrie and his own siblings than any of the Davies children, but Peter was stuck with the name. The Davies children were the inspiration for the telling of the story. Their life with Barrie was ambiguous. After all, he was rich and in control of their lives, but not a blood relative. The younger ones like Michael found it easier to accept him than did Peter, but Barrie loved them all and it broke his heart when George was killed on the battlefield in World War I and Michael drowned with a friend in a pond at Oxford in what was suspected to be a suicide pact. Peter Llewelyn Davies ultimately committed suicide by throwing himself in front of a subway train. Barrie's money bought him a surrogate family, but it was not a happy substitution.

PETER PAN, like any literary work, is the author's wish-fulfillment fantasy, his catharsis, and there is nothing wrong with analyzing the material from a psychological point of view, but one must remember that there is never a one-to-one correspondence in a literary work. One cannot say Barrie IS Peter Pan, because Barrie is all of his characters. When Hook kidnaps the Lost Boys, Barrie is working out his desire to kidnap the Davies boys and keep them for his own family. When one of the boys shoots Wendy out of the sky with an arrow, this is Barrie shooting down his rival, Silvia Llewelyn-Davies. Wendy is linked with Barrie's past not only as a representative of his mother as a child, but as the namesake of Margaret Henley, daughter of poet W. E. Henley. She died when she was 6, another eternal child. The name came from her mispronunciation of the word "friendly". She always referred to Barrie as my "wendy" (friendly).

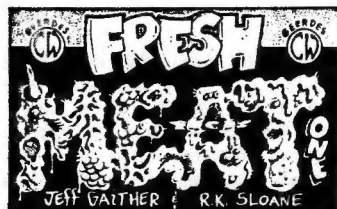
There is an underlying Oedipal theme throughout **PETER PAN** and we recall that Barrie was close to his mother, but had little in common with his father. It's significant that he wrote a novel in his mother's name, but nothing in his father's. Margaret Ogilvy died in 1895.

When Pan cuts off Hook's hand (castrating him), he is getting even with the elder Davies, his rival, the man who had been able to fulfill the Victorian ideal of having a big family, while Barrie remained barren. Peter was small like his creator and had the typical arrogant and aggressive personality peculiar to the little man who must always look up to other adults from the vantage point of a child. It is hardly surprising that Hook, the main father-figure in **PETER PAN** is first castrated and later killed and fed to an alligator. Nor is it too surprising that Wendy must first be killed, then reborn in Never Never Land where she will be courted by Peter to be his mother. Actually, Peter's feminine side is represented more by Tinker Bell than Wendy. Tink foreshadows contemporary feminism, while Wendy is closer to the ideal Victorian.

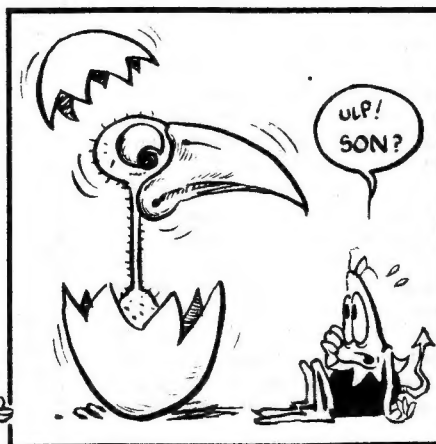
There may be a "Peter Pan Syndrome," but it is certainly much more complex than that outlined by Kiley. Barrie lived a long time. He died on June 21, 1937 in London. Best biography is Andrew Birkin's **J. M. BARRIE AND THE LOST BOYS** (1979).

COMIX WAVE 50. MAY, 1987

© Clay Geerdes, Box 7081, Berkeley, CA 94707. All Rights Reserved. Logo by Jim Thompson. His latest are: **DEAD FISH** and **MR. WHIZ GRAPHIC MAGAZINE** 1, both minis 50¢ stamp from him at 3203 Andrea, Dallas, TX 75228.* The latest in the **COMIX WAVE** MINI-SERIES are: **BABYFAT** 58 (cover by David Miller, interior panels by Par Holman, Ric Sloane, and Bob Vojtko.) 50¢.22. **Bob Sheridan's PUNGX 2** (50¢ stamp) and **PUNGX 3** (\$1.22 pp Double-issue).* **SHAMAN** 47 is 75¢ pp from William Dockery, 3226-A River Avenue, Columbus, GA 31904.* **Scott Nickel's MY WORST FEAR** is 75¢ stamp from Dada Gumbo Press, 810 Glendale Ave., Ashland, ORE 97520.* The following comix are 50¢ stamp from Bill Ehmann, Jr., 1595 Herbert St., Apt. 12, Santa Rosa, CA 95401: **666 MYSTERIES OF THE WORM JOYRIDE** **THE WISH HALF LIFE** **STITCHES** **THE SHADOW OVER INNSMOUTH** **DEAD OCTOPUS** **X-RAY** **WHEN THE OLD ONES ROCK** **THE SLEEP OF REASON** **THE MARTIAN INVASION OF EARTH** and **THE THIRD COMING**. A nice collection by an innovative young artist.* **THE UPS AND DOWNS OF DICKHEAD** #1 is 25¢ stamp from J. Becker, 97 Ellwood St., 3-A, NY, NY 10040.* **MORRIE BUND** #1 and **LUGUBRIOUS LAUGHS** #1 are \$1.75 (both pp) from Frank Young, 1112 So. Magnolia Dr., Apt. V-203, Tallahassee, FLA 32301.*



HOT STUFFOLA: San Diego Con coming in August. Get your room now. Info: POB 17066, San Diego, CA 92117.* Ric Sloane's incredible CURSE OF THE BABY MONSTER is \$1.34 pp from Starhead, POB 30044, Seattle, WA 98103. Sample copy of THE FUNNIES PAPER, \$1.39 from 1494 Wing Foot Way, Norcross, GA 30093.* BLINKTOWN BOB, \$1 pp from Artie Bohm, 603-2nd Ave N E, St. Cloud, MN 56301.* POOT 10, \$1.39 pp from Bob Sheridan, 10922 Fortune Ave., Cleveland, OH 44111.* BREAKING THE BARRIER, 1.39 pp from Rafael Ruiz, 3849 Randolph Ave., L. A. 90032.* DEADBEAT 4, Haight-Ashbury tabloid, \$3 from 1338 Haight St., S. F. CA 94117.* SPLAT #1 is out. See your dealer.* LEAPING WEASEL COMICS 1 is \$2.50 pp from John Howard, POB 25464, Albuquerque, N M 87125.* EL VIBORA 84 is 7.50 pp from J. M. Berengueur, Plaza Beatas 3, Barcelona, SPAIN.* HOLIDAY OUT 1 and WORDSMITH 8 from Renegade.* CEREBUS 92 and PUMA BLUES 4 from Aardvark-Vanaheim.* GRENDEL 4,5 and JOHNNY QUEST 8,9 from Comico.* TWISTED IMAGE interviews Bukowski (yes, he's still alive.). \$2 from Ace Backwards, 1630 University Ave., Apt. 26, Berkeley CA 94703. Panels at right from SNARF 10. New from Krupp! C.G.



...so unless the candy bar calls the lollipop a sucker, next I'll tell you about Uncle Wiggily and

CLAY GEERDES'

COMIX
WAVE™

LANSING
CAMPELL
&
P. HOLMAN



UNCLE WIGGILY

Howard Roger Garis was not into folklore like Joel Chandler Harris, nor was he a naturalist like Beatrix Potter and Thornton Burgess. He worked for the NEWARK NEWS for many years, moonlighting for Ed Stratemeyer's syndicate, and turning out books about Tom Swift, Baseball Joe, and lesser lights like the Curlytops. Born in 1873, Garis was fast, a man born with the gift of gab, the kind of guy who would loan you the shirt off his back and tell his wife, Lily, some outlandish story about his shirtlessness. The Garises were a writing family. They wrote series books and magazine stories and anything else that came their way. They were entertainers, and Howard could tell a good story in print or onstage or at the dinner table, some of them true, most not. Rejected by a girl friend, he wrote his first novel in the baggage room of the Lackawanna Railroad where he was employed at the time. It was called A WORLD WITHOUT WOMEN. It ran to 400 pages and wound up in the waste basket of some editor at HARPER'S. Garis told the man to put it there if it lacked merit, so he did. Maybe Philip Wylie found it and turned it into his classic, THE DISAPPEARANCE. Who knows? A story about all the men disappearing for the women and all the women disappearing for the men with each having to learn to do the other's tasks would have appealed to any pulp writer of the time. Garis was 16. His Dad tried his best to keep him out of the writing trade, but Howard was addicted. He was sent to engineering school, but the only thing he ever did with that education was use the drafting skill to turn out an Uncle Wiggily board game; of course, that was enough, since the game sold better than any other kid's game for nearly 50 years. Garis married young, a woman who worked on the Newark paper, a fellow-writer, one who would compete with him all her life. Not that that wrecked their relationship; not a bit of it; just made it more interesting. Theirs was a house where something was wrong if you didn't hear the click of typewriter keys most of the time. Howard used two fingers. His wife, Lilian MacNamara Garis (called Lillie Mack or Lilian Garis on some of her books) wrote in longhand and used a hired typist. It is very unlikely that you have missed reading something by one or more of the Garises if you grew up in America. Lily worked on the Bobbsey Twins, Garis on Tom Swift, and all of them on more of Stratemeyer's titles that I could possibly list here.

Asked to do a children's story for the paper, Howard came up with UNCLE WIGGILY. Now I don't buy that story his son, Roger, tells in MY FATHER WAS UNCLE WIGGILY (1967), because I know Garis grew up reading Uncle Remus stories and his menagerie bears too much a resemblance to that of Harris to be coincidental. Roger says his Dad sat down in the woods and a rabbit came along and wiggled his ears at him and Howard just decided then and there

that he would do some stories about that rabbit and name him Uncle Wiggily Longears. However the idea came to him, Howard started doing the Uncle Wiggily stories in the BEDTIME STORIES part of the Newark News on January 30, 1910. That date is important, because it shows that Garis started doing his stories before they were imitated by Thornton Waldo Burgess (who did his first newspaper stories in the FALL of 1910 (admitting in his autobiography that he had seen the Uncle Wiggilys, but not mentioning the character's name). Garis wrote the stories all his life, knocking out as many as 8 in an hour. His son gives him credit for over 15,000 stories. For many years, Uncle Wiggily and Burgess' Peter Rabbit (as illustrated by Harrison Cady) were the most popular characters in America. Those who grew up on Wiggily had no trouble making the transition to Bugs Bunny when that character showed up at the end of the thirties. Had Garis lived in Hollywood instead of New Jersey, it's likely Uncle Wiggily would have become a cartoon star, but perhaps the old gentleman rabbit was too cool. Even Brer Rabbit had to be jazzed up when he became a movie star in SONG OF THE SOUTH in 1946.

Howard R. Garis became famous with his rabbit and he was asked to lecture and to read the stories on the radio, all of which he did. Not a shy bone in his body. Garis's public life would have terrified folks like Bea Potter and Joe Harris. Garis' new celebrityhood just bugged Lily Garis no end. Here he was getting all that attention for some rabbit stories in the newspapers and it was like she was suddenly a nobody. After all, Lily had written over a hundred children's books at this time and was still as productive, if not as fast, as Howard. The rabbit caused a lot of competition in the family. Roger tells a story about his Dad coming home from one of his Uncle Wiggily reading tours. Lily had a new book out and she had it on the table in the living room. Well, Howard glanced at it and asked what was for supper. When you write a book every two or three days and have hundreds of them to your credit, another Bobbsey Twins isn't going to stimulate much interest, certainly not as much as a potential plate of fried chicken. That wasn't the point, of course, and Lily stormed upstairs. She was hurt by her husband's fame and she wanted more praise for her own work, but it was not to come. Uncle Wiggily has survived, still in print today, the books still collected, while nothing of Lilian Garis has been in print for many years.

Howard Garis never stopped. He outlived Lily by many years, lived with his son and his grandchildren, wrote his Uncle Wiggily stories, was well known and liked in his community, and died at the age of 89 in 1966. His son said that Howard never worried, that he was a man who went through life certain that everything would be all right, that things would go well for him, and they did.

Garis accepted his fate. He tried to get into the adult market, but books for grown-ups were not his speed. He did THROUGH SPACE TO MARS long before Burroughs' John Carter stuff (1911), and when I noticed he had written "Professor Jonkin's Cannibal Plant" for ARGOSY in 1905, I couldn't help thinking of the current plant star in the musical version of THE LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS. In spite of his output and his popularity, Garis is virtually ignored in most books about comics. UNCLE WIGGILY was in numerous FOUR COLOR COMICS in the forties, right along with Bugs Bunny, but I think Bugs got the edge by being a movie hero. The characters who were animated tended to last, and that's particularly true now that video cassettes are here. Uncle Wiggily was folksy and rural, a lot closer to Brer Rabbit than to the more urban and sophisticated Bugs. It's easy to imagine Bugs doing just about anything, while it would be hard to imagine old Uncle Wiggily punking out in a rock club.

I think Howard Garis deserves his place in the history of popular culture and those who leave him out of their histories and encyclopedias are, to my way of thinking, not fulfilling their tasks as accurate historians.

--CLAY GEERDES



COMIX WAVE 51. June, 1987. © CLAY GEERDES, Box 7081, Berkeley, CA 94707. All Rights Reserved. Latest CW minis: THE SIETCH OF THE FLOWERS (JHB), BACHELOR LIFE (Tom Christopher), ANTI-ARTIST 4, by Bob Sheridan, and RETROS 6 (Jones)--50¢.22 each. Buy a mini once in awhile and support your fellow cartoonists.* RELUCTANT SADIST 3 and 4, 1.39 pp from H. Weaver 7645 Gifford St. Apt 203, Norfolk, VA 23518.* ZABAWNY 6, 25¢ stamp from POB 3433, Merch. Mart Sta, Chicago, IL 60654.* A POCKET GUIDE TO DEATH is \$1.39 pp from New Feet Comics, POB 459, Trinidad, CA 95570. Art by Jeff Gaither and John Dooley.* MONDO HOWIE. 75¢pp from Wayne Honath, 332 Atlanta, Pittsburgh PA 15228-1125.* ZIG-ZAG 1 is \$1.25pp from Chris Bors, 121 Texas Ln, Ithaca, N Y 14850.* From Yassi Knodel: JUDGEMENT, dr. O. L. D. CRANK, TRUE CONFESSIONS 3, THE TIMES KEPT ON A CHANGIN', \$1.39 for all four.* KARPET KING and DEMON HOUSE THEATRE from William Dockery, 3226-A River Ave., Columbus, GA 31904, \$1.22 for both.* SCIENCE CRUISE 1 and DISHMAN 4 from John MacLeod, 48 Carden St, Apt 201, Guelph, Ont., Canada N1H 3A2.* MONSTERS AND MUTANTS 10 is \$1 pp from Jeff Gaither, 6799 Brooklawn Dr., Louisville, KY 40214.* TED 2 is \$1 pp from Lisa Celotto, 3-27 Bold St., Hamilton, Ont. Canada L8P 1T3.* ICONOCLAST and CLEAN DIRT for \$3 pp. Deviant Pubs, 111 S. Colonial Ave. Richmond, VA 23221.* BUG EYED is \$2 pp from Chris Bors.* GRENDL 6 from Comico.* CEREBUS 94 from Aardvark-Vanaheim.* FRENCH ICE 1 from Renegade.* WEIRDO 19. New Crumb!*

EDWARD STRATEMEYER: WHO HE?

Even if you are over the age of eighteen, the chances are pretty slim that you've ever heard of Edward Stratemeyer, but they're even slimmer that you haven't had your reading habit influenced by his books. Born in 1862 to a pair of German immigrant parents in Elizabeth, New Jersey, Ed Stratemeyer was destined to invade the American psyche to a degree surpassed only by writers like L. Frank Baum and Lewis Carroll. A fan of Horatio Alger and Oliver Optic, Ed dropped out of school at the end of the eighth grade. Determined to be a writer, he served his apprenticeship at Street and Smith, pulp city, working on such notable characters as Nick Carter. Not one to work for anyone else for too long, Ed struck out on his own, and with his Rover Boys series in 1899, he started to move into the big time. In this pre-radio and t-v world, people read a lot of newspapers and pulp magazines and series books. If you were trying to make a living at pop writing during this turn of the century period, it's more than likely you wrote your share of pulp and series material. Most of it had someone else's name on it, though you could strike out and put your own name on a book here and there if you wanted to publish it on your own hook. That was a gamble. If you played ball with the Stratemeyer Syndicate, you got anywhere from \$125 to \$200 for a series book which would have a house name like Arthur M. Winfield, Laura Lee Hope, or Alice B. Emerson on it. Some call it ghosting, but it wasn't, really, not in the sense that current writers who write fake bios for celebrities to put their names on are "ghosts," because you could submit an outline of an idea to Ed and he might say for you to go with it and tailor it for Tom Swift or Ruth Fielding or another top star. Ed was a master at dreaming up series hits. His titles sold in the millions and they still do, though the syndicate is now owned by Simon and Schuster (since 1984).

Stratemeyer used the shotgun approach in his books, putting one out on several popular themes and waiting to see which one hit and which didn't. You're all familiar with his best-known hits, the Hardy Boys (1926) and Nancy Drew (1930), so we'll focus here on some of the books you may not know as well, like the RUTH FIELDING series. Though not Stratemeyer's first series aimed at girls, RUTH FIELDING was the most successful. An independent character who rose from orphanhood to become a world traveler and movie director, Ruth would be right at home at a feminist meeting. Neither window-dressing or some male hero's flunky, Ruth controlled her life, making her own way to fame and fortune. No second-class citizen here. Ruth starred in 30 titles from 1913-34. She is described in RUTH FIELDING AND THE GYPSIES (1915): "She was plump, but not too plump; and she was quick in her movements, while her lithe and graceful figure showed that she possessed not only health, but great vitality. Her hair was of a beautiful bright brown color, was thick, and curled just a little." Like her predecessor, Dorothy Dale (1908, Ed's first girl heroine), Ruth ran the show. In this one, she is kidnapped by Queen Zelaya and her gypsy band, has a number of adventures with the appropriate near-drownings and other disasters, and finally escapes and receives the reward money. What wrecked the Fielding series was marriage. Her readers didn't want a married Ruth cooking and cleaning for a man; they wanted her out there doing her own stunts

on the set, deciding and determining her own fate. Teenaged girls read the Fieldings and they are not married and can't really identify with a heroine who is. They like that option out there in the future, should they choose it one day for themselves, but when it is already made by the writers, the fantasy is gone for them. There were books after Ruth's marriage, but they sold poorly and the syndicate learned a lesson. You can't let your characters age and you have to keep them close to home if you want to continue them in limited adventures; if they travel too far, they become too sophisticated, and they can't come back to Bayport and be the regular guys anymore.

Ed Stratemeyer would dream up a series, write several of the books himself, then farm out the writing, usually to newspaper writers who needed to pad their income, folks like Howard R. Garis, who struck his own pay dirt with Uncle Wiggily in 1910, and Lillian McNamara Garis. Lillian wrote many of the Bobsey Twins for Stratemeyer, while her husband was cranking out Curlytops and Bunny Browns. The Garises were a writing family and I intend to feature them on a future CW. Ed was like a master editor. He had the ideas and he would outline plots, assign them to writers, get the texts back, edit them to suit himself, and pack the book off to one of his various publishers (like Cupples and Leon). Ed, not the writers, owned all the characters and copyrights. Now \$125 might sound like chicken feed for a book, but remember \$125 was a lot of money in 1915 when a quart of milk sold for 6¢ and you might pay \$8-15 a month for the two storey house you lived in, so the writers did all right. The stories were about 120 double-spaced typewritten pages, so it was roughly a buck a page. Most of the pulp mags paid a penny or more a word. This system developed some of the fastest writers extant. Stratemeyer was credited with 200 books under his own names and the editorship of more than a thousand more. Frederick Faust (who wrote under the names, Max Brand and Evan Evans and some 27 other pseudonyms) wrote more than 500 books in his lifetime, and most of them, as you should know, are still quite readable today. Stratemeyer was said to have written books in two days or less. His daughter, Harriet Stratemeyer Adams, told Carol Billman in THE SECRET OF THE STRATEMEYER SYNDICATE (1986) that she typically finished a mystery in two months. This would have been a Nancy Drew under the pen-name of Carolyn Keene. Harriet, along with her sister, Edna, took over running the syndicate in 1930 when Ed died.

Ed began one of his series with three titles; if these hit a readership, more followed. House names were used, not because Stratemeyer advocated author anonymity, rather because they were expedient in the nature of series books. If a title took off and the writer died, what then? With a pseudonym like Franklin W. Dixon, the Hardy Boys are immortal. Writers come and go, but Frank Dixon stays on. This practice was continued in comic books, which owe more than a little of their existence to the preceding series books. Jack Kirby's Newsboy Legion and subsequent Boy Commandoes were right out of the Rover Boys and Horatio Alger; just as Lois Lane was Nancy Drew via Ruth Fielding. Why, L. Frank Baum had a boy flying around having adventures in THE MASTER KEY (1902), long before SUPERMAN took to the air.

What Stratemeyer did in the Hardy Boys was to meld the earlier adventure story (TREASURE ISLAND) with the detective story and I don't know about you, but it worked for me. The Hardys my mother bought for me when I was 12 or 13 developed a reading interest that was to remain with me all my life. Without Stratemeyer, Garis, Faust, and the other series/pulp writers, how many of us would have gotten to Dostoyevsky, Hemingway, Faulkner, and T. S. Eliot?





© ANTHONY SMITH
ERIC VINCENT
1986.

PETER RABBIT THE FIRST

Had you been in the small English town of Sawrey in England in the late 1930's, you might have seen Mrs. William Heelis negotiating for a small farm. She would not have been interested in the property for her personal use, having owned her own farm in the area since World War I, rather she would be buying the land to donate it to the National Trust so that it would be preserved rather than subdivided and "developed." Mrs. Heelis raised sheep and she was well known and loved in her community as a benevolent friend and fellow farmer. Some folks, mainly children, knew that Mrs. Heelis had written a great many little books. Did all the watercolor paintings for them, too. Quite the artist-raconteur-naturalist, she was.

You know her as Beatrix Potter.

Born in London on July 28, 1866, the daughter of a pair of uptight Scottish parents, Beatrix Potter grew up a prisoner in her own home. Isolated in the upstairs room of 34 Bolton Gardens, she had neither sibling nor friend to play with, so she cultivated little animal pets which she trained and used as models for her watercolor paintings. One of these was a rabbit (hare, actually, but for most people the two are synonymous). She named him Peter and when the little boy of her nanny, Anna, was sick, she made up a story about Peter and sent it to him in a letter. This note to Noel Moore in September of 1893 became the Tale of Peter Rabbit. She published the first edition herself in 1902. This was shown to Norman Warne and he published the second edition, following it up with her other stories. Beatrix and Norman became close friends during their business relationship and they had become secretly engaged when Warne took ill suddenly and died. Their relationship was not approved by the elder Potters who considered Warne beneath them. Publishing was considered a trade at that time and those who considered themselves uppercrust did not intermarry with tradespeople.

COMIX WAVE 52. July, 1987.

© CLAY GEERDES, Box 7081, Berkeley, Ca 94707. All Rights Reserved. Logo by Par Holman. This issue dedicated to George Carlson. His stories about the "Pie-Faced Prince of Pretzelberg" in JINGLE JANGLE owed a debt to L. Frank Baum and Lewis Carroll. One of the most ingenious marriages of unique idea and unrepressed art in the history of the medium.* A to sub to CW is \$6 until October 1, then \$7.50 a year.

Beatrix wanted to escape from her family, but she was always frightened back by her father. THE TALE OF PETER RABBIT is basically her situation. Like hers, Peter's life is totally controlled. If he takes the initiative and does something on his own, he is reprimanded and punished for it. Peter may sneak into the garden for a few brief moments but he is terrified and is punished for his rebellion. Marriage was the only means of escape for a Victorian woman and she could only meet men if her parents arranged such meetings. The Potters did not introduce Bea to anyone, and anyone she met without a "proper" introduction was, of course, unacceptable. The world of Peter Rabbit is not a comfortable one. He is terrified of Farmer McGregor, the only father figure in the story, and his warning mother is actually Bea's nanny.

The approval of Norman Warne and the success of her early books gave Bea the confidence to begin planning her escape. Her parents never approved of her books, but then do our parents ever approve when we choose a path different than the one they dreamed up for us? Bea found a small farm in Sawrey and bought it with her own money. Her rich father gave her nothing and disapproved of her living in the country with "common" people. Nevertheless, her books continued to be successful and Bea spent more and more time on her farm. It was there she met William Heelis, a solicitor, the man who helped her with the financial details of the farm. They married in 1913.

Bea wrote very little after her marriage. She no longer needed to escape through her art and stories. She now had a full life on the farm with her husband. They were active people, never idle. There were always those who sought out and found the famous Beatrix Potter, but she shunned publicity most of the time, refusing interviews. Beatrix Potter was someone she had been, someone who reminded her of an unhappy repressed childhood, not someone she was. She died in 1943 of a bronchial infection, leaving her 17 farms to a National Trust. Her Journals and Artwork have been published in complete volumes you can find in the library. The main biography is THE TALE OF BEATRIX POTTER by Elizabeth Lane. There is an excellent film of this book on video tape.

I have always thought of Beatrix Potter as the grandmother of the mini-comix, because she pioneered that small style, a small book for small hands to hold. Today, of course, many books are published in that format, but it was her decision to self-publish PETER RABBIT just the way she wanted it that showed the way.

-CLAY GEERDES



COMIX PLUGOLA

From COMIX WAVE: MR. TECHNIQUE 1 and ALL IN THE MIND and ACID MAN 1, and 2, all 50c mini-comix (all 4 for \$2.39 pp).* THE UPS AND DOWNS OF DICKHEAD 2 is 25c/stamp from J. Becker, 97 Ellwood St., 3-A, NY NY 10040.* RELUCTANT SADIST 5 is \$1 pp DZ from Hal Weaver, 7645 Gifford St., Apt 203, Norfolk, VA 23518.* EYEBALLIS 1 is \$1.85 pp from Alex LaVerde, 28122 Peacock Ridge, 308, Rancho Palos Verdes, CA 90274. DZ* FIRECRACKERS 5 and IDIOT SOLVENT 2 are 50c/stamp ea from William Dockery, 3226-A River Ave., Columbus, GA 31904.* INTO BEAT? Water Row Press, POB 438, Sudbury, MA 01776, has a lot of Beat items, the latest of which is KEROUAC'S LAST WORD: JACK KEROUAC IN ESCAPE by Tom Clark. SASE for catalog and prices.* EL VIBORA 86. \$7 from J. M. Berengueur, Plaza Beatas 3, Barcelona, SPAIN. Adults only.* From Mad Dog Graphics, SPLAT! 2 and KEITH LAUMER'S RELIEF 1.* From Aardvark Vanaheim: CEREBUS 95, PUMA BLUES 6.* From COMICO: GREDEL 7, STAR BLAZERS 1, JOHNNY QUEST 11, and lots of ROBOTECH BOOKS.* ALIEN FIRE 2 is out from Krupp, Eric Vincent, the artist, will be at the San Diego Con.* Renegade has collected Valentino's work from various newwave and minicomix into VALENTINO, TOO. The cover is a color version of the art which ran on cover of COMIX WAVE 10. Renegade has taken over WIMMEN'S COMIX with #11 so this title may attain some regularity. New Titles include AMUSING STORIES, featuring work by Scott Shaw and Don Dougherty, and a comic about KAFKA* Keep up with Beat/hip/punk with DEADBEAT the tab from Haight-Ashbury. \$3.73 pp from 1338 Haight St., S. F. CA 94117.* Three from Fandom House, POB 1348, Denver, COLO 80201: NEAR TO NOW 1, HAP HAZARD 1, and FAITH OF THE FOE.* Though Crumb took a few liberties with the 24 Grimm tale, FRAU HOLLE, his adaptation (MOTHER HULDA) in WEIRDO 19 captures the essence of the story. Be nice to see an entire collection of those old stories illustrated by Crumb.* Diana Schutz was in town and she mentioned that Comico was doing the Max Headroom comic book. I expect Max will be cultic soon. It's the one tv show which has assimilated all the crap from the Road Warrior/Escape to New York 1984 junkola. I liked the episode where all the tv screens went blank and the junkies were buying black market videotapes on the street.

CLAY GEERDES

EDITORIAL

Back in 1973, I had participated in the first comic convention devoted to underground comix, and I was writing regularly about the subject for the Los Angeles FREE PRESS and other tabloids, but there was no specific publication devoted to coverage of all the ugs that were coming out, so I started COMIX WORLD as an informative newsletter. I plugged the new comix as they came out, getting most of my information first hand from the artists, most of whom lived in and around the Bay Area. I wrote articles about the ugs and profiles of the artists for various magazines. As an English professor cum journalist, my orientation was more academic than pop and my opinions about the comix have often differed from those of the artists, publishers, and others working in the field. Cartoonists love gossip and many assumed I was publishing a gossip sheet, but I did not see it that way. Still don't. I have always known intimate facts about the various artists which I never made public. I was never the "Hedda Hopper of the comics" as Don Schenker once referred to me. I was simply a leg man getting out the information on a subject that was routinely ignored by the establishment press. I always knew who was sleeping with whom, who did what drugs or dealt them, who was reliable and met deadlines and who didn't, who took advances for art never delivered, etc., but I saw no reason to publish such information. What for? It would have been of no interest to the general reader and it was common knowledge to those in the ug comix inner circle. Yet there were always people who thought of me as a gossip columnist and were ignorant of the range and scope of my publication.

I kept copies of the comix, articles about them, clippings, etc., thinking that one day I would do a book about it all. After all, that's what you do with accumulated information, right? Put it in a book, which goes into libraries and makes your facts, opinions, observations, wisecracks, available to those of like mind. I would do a book and connect with other comixologists and we would share Olympian insights re the socio-cultural renaissance of the sixties, the primary manifestations of which were the music and poster and comic art of the period. And, truthfully, there is a great deal of lost lore here, those amazing thinkpieces that filled pages of THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER and SAN FRANCISCO ORACLE, long treatises on drugs, ecology, feminism, racism, pluralism, the decline and fall of Lyndon Johnson's Great Society—lost because there have been several books about the underground press, but no extensive collection of writings, few underground newsmagazines having the business acumen of Harlan Ellison who collects everything of his in books like the two volumes of THE GLASS TEAT wherein appear his rants and raves about television from the FREEP. No, I dropped the book and it will remain dropped, not because I lack the attention span of a book person, but because I burned out on the subject.

Or it burned out on me. Or bummed me out. So many of the people dead so young, Bode, Murphy, Sheridan, Irons, others, some anonymous suicides in states I've never visited. Some people

who betrayed me, or people I dislike or people who dislike me, people I choose not to write about, cannot be objective about; hell, I'm not cold-blooded enough to print the kind of stuff I read in some publications. When I think about doing it, it makes me stop and ask myself, hey, what's this? Comix were always fun, and this isn't fun.

What I wanted to do was encourage young people to draw, to have a good time with comix, to communicate. I felt like Crumb when he had to tell some super-serious yuppie reporter, "hey, don't take it so serious. It's only lines on paper." I just got sick of writing about the comix BUSINESS all the time. About money, distribution, royalties, blah blah. COMIX WORLD wasn't doing what I wanted to do, so I changed the name to COMIX WAVE and shifted the emphasis to mini and independent comix. I published some mini-comix for the hell of it and developed a system that could keep them going indefinitely without a huge cash outlay. Each mini would sell enough copies to collectors to pay for the next one. There would always be new cartoonists jumping into the game and we would keep art circulating, people networking; thousands of comix would come out. And they have. Designed to encourage new cartoonists, the minis continue to attract pros as well. The original idea was for me to publish the first mini by an artist, cycle it through the mini-series, and return the rights in a few months. The cartoonist would then continue to do his own and meet others by corresponding and trading. That's what the PLUGOLA section is for, to put you in touch with the other members.

If you know anything of postage and printing costs, you know that COMIX WAVE costs money, and doesn't make any. Fine. It's a hobby, not a business. But there are some things you newcomers must understand about this trip. Advertising in CW COSTS two copies of your zine. I keep some of these, sell some of them to even out my expenses, trade some of them, give some to a friend, etc., but this is how I operate. During a year's time, I try to print sample art by member cartoonists. A writer asked me about interviews. I've done a few, but I don't really have the space for them, and, unless the subject has a long career with a lot of significant publications, I don't think an interview is justified. Hey, we're an extended cartooning family here. You want to know more about an artist, write to him. Why go through me? Artist members' addresses are in the PLUGOLA section. As a writer, I have to follow my own inclinations. If CW were nothing but a hypesheet, I wouldn't have any subscribers left. This letter is 14 years old because I am continually finding something new that interests me to write about. If it doesn't interest you as a reader, don't renew your sub; go on to something that does it for you. This year I am doing a background series on children's writers who strongly influenced comic art. I don't know what will do it for me next year. Hey, I'll be another year older and so will you.

CLAY GEERDES

COMIX WAVE

PETER RABBIT II

Beatrix Potter of England named Peter Rabbit when she found him in Mr. McGregor's garden. With fascinating text and talented brush she made a classic of the event in the delightful little volume children everywhere know and love. I believe they always will. When I began writing stories for my own small boy, a rabbit was already Peter and there was no changing the name. I like to think that Miss Potter gave Peter a name known the world over, while I with Mr. Cady's help perhaps made him a character.

—THORNTON WALDO BURGESS
NOW I REMEMBER

Comics people are more likely to associate Peter Rabbit with Harrison Cady than with Thornton W. Burgess, but it was the self-taught naturalist and ex-bookkeeper who started telling stories about Peter Rabbit and Reddy Fox and a gang of other woodland creatures back in the Fall of 1910. The column was basically an imitation of the Bedtime Stories of Howard R. Garis which Burgess had seen in the papers earlier that year. The first Uncle Wiggily story came out on January 30, 1910. The Uncle Remus stories date back to 1878 and there were ten books by Joel Chandler Harris in 1910. These three writers are closely related by the material they used. They were also journalists, men who made their living as writers, and they all stayed pretty close to home most of their lives. Harris was shy and terrified of speaking in public. Garis loved the public eye and read his Uncle Wiggily stories to large audiences. Burgess was kind of in-between. He preferred to go out on a field trip and observe birds or other wildlife than to spend his time on the lecture circuit. Harris thought of himself as a folklorist and tried to get his stories down just the way he heard them from black people. Garis was strictly a storyteller. He made up whatever he thought would entertain. Never worried about aping the natural behavior of his hare or any of the other animals. But Burgess, like Beatrix Potter, was always careful to maintain the natural habits and habitat of his characters and would never write about them doing what they would not naturally do. That they wore clothing was simply conventional by 1910, a carryover from Victorian children's stories. Frederick Church, who illustrated the first edition of *UNCLE REMUS, HIS SONGS AND SAYINGS* (1880) did not dress Brer Rabbit or any of the other animals, but Arthur Burdette Scott who took over with the second edition, put some clothes on Brer Rabbit and subsequent editions followed suit. Burgess didn't get too involved with what his characters wore, leaving that up to his illustrator most of the time. The clothing DOES tell you certain things. It shows that Brer Rabbit was country, while Peter Rabbit was city and middle-class (his vest and bowtie).

Thornton Burgess was extremely popular and well-known when I was growing up. There were 20 volumes of his stories in books and I can't imagine anyone not having one or two of them around the house. Burgess was born on January 14, 1874 in Cape Cod. His father died when he was 9 months old. His mother was an orphan, a semi-invalid. Thornton was raised by Charles Waterman, a factory clerk. He had to work hard all through his childhood and had no time for play. He made it through Sandwich High School, graduating in 1891 in a class of 9. He lived in Somerville, a suburb of Boston,

and commuted. His first main job was keeping books in a shoe store. He hated that and selling shoes. Saw an ad in *BRAINS* and that got him into writing ad booklets in verse. He sold his first children's stories to the *SPRINGFIELD HOMESTEAD ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY*. Before long, he was on the staff of *GOOD HOUSEKEEPING*. His first book was *THE BRIDE'S PRIMER*. He married Nina Osborne in the Summer of 1905 and she died in childbirth in 1906. *OLD MOTHER WEST WIND* (Fall, 1910, the first of the series) was written for Burgess's small motherless son. Second wife was Fannie Johnson. They had 2 sons. Were together for 39 years until she died in 1950. Burgess lived until 1965. He was 91 when he finally gave it up.

Burgess thought of his stories as entertainment, but his research into animal life was always meticulous, mainly because he thought of himself as an amateur naturalist. His writing made him more famous than any other naturalist, pro or amateur, so he was always sensitive about any error that might find its way into the trials and tribulations of Peter Rabbit and Reddy Fox and Jimmy Chuck. Hence the entertaining veneer of his stories really covered up a good education into animal life. Burgess's stories always had a moral. Garis put one in, too, but his was always satirical, while Burgess was sincere. While people had begun to reject adult stories with morals (due to the popularity of young writers like Jack London perhaps), they continued to expect them to be attached to children's stories. Burgess succeeded with kids, because he knew that "no child will admit that any animal knows more than he does. And this is especially true in regard to the smaller animals. Much as the adult looks down to the level of the child, the child in turn looks down to the level of the squirrel and the rabbit."

"The story that humanizes the animal to the point of the impossible is bound to fail in its purpose from an educational standpoint."

"It is permissible for Peter Rabbit to talk because the child understands that in all probability there is some form of communication between animals. But it is not permissible for Peter Rabbit to climb a tree or to ride a bicycle. Kids know it's false and the lesson is lost." Well, Garis and Burgess certainly don't agree here, because Uncle Wiggily drives a car and goes ice-skating and skiing.

Nor would Burgess have approved of Harris. "Stark tragedy has no place and at all times is to be avoided in stories for little children." Et tu, Waldo. Then fall the naturalist, because more animals do not live for more than a couple of seasons. Potter's Peter Rabbit (her real pet) lived 9 years in captivity, but would have been lucky to make it through two in the wild. Burgess would not have approved of Felix Salten's *BAMBI* (1926). *OUTLOOK* once did a satirical article on Burgess reconstructed nature entitled: "When Does Old Man Coyote Eat?" Predators don't make out too well in Burgess or Disney. The owl never catches the field mouse or the chipmunk and the forest in *SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS* is lacking in all the predatory animals that would be there.

Burgess's little world of peaceful animals is often similar to that of Harris, probably because he borrowed some of those borrowed African and Indian folktales and restyled them for Peter Rabbit. Both Harris and Burgess tell versions of the way the rabbit got his short tail and long ears.

Peter Rabbit split into several different characters as time passed. Bea Potter's books were out there along with the Burgess Mother West Wind series. Harrison Cady adapted a lot of the material into a newspaper strip, making Peter into a middle-class Dad with a couple of kids, hence parting company with Burgess. Nothing natural about that behavior. Hares do not stay with the young at all. If anything, the female has to protect the babies, because the male is likely to eat them. Hares compete, fight, mate, and run off in search of food to feed themselves, while the pregnant females nest and raise the young. Cady did what most cartoonists do, dropped the natural animal behavior and projected human social life, people in animal costumes. The Peter Rabbit pages were reprinted in comic book form by Avon in the forties and Cady's assistant, Vincent Fago, continued the character of Peter in *THE NEW ADVENTURES OF PETER RABBIT*

COMIX WAVE 53. AUGUST 1987

©CLAY GEERDES, Box 7081, Berkeley, CA 94707. All Rights Reserved. Logo by Joe Zabel. A sub to COMIX WAVE is \$6 until October 1, then \$7.50 a year. Postage goes to 25¢ per next year and all my other expenses have gone up. Listings in COMIX PLUGOLA cost two copies of your zine.* This issue is dedicated to the memory of Thornton W. Burgess. Coming attractions: coverage of the San Diego Con with photographs, the 20th anniversary of ZAP COMIX, and the lowdown on Snow White from Grimm to Disney. If you need a set of the early issues of COMIX WAVE (the first 53), send \$20 to me and I'll mail you one, flat and ready to bind.

—CLAY GEERDES

in the fifties. It was probably the popularity of the Peter Rabbit strip that stimulated Carl Laemmle to suggest that Disney do a rabbit character in his cartoons for Universal, but Peter Rabbit was not the influence on Bugs Bunny. That character traces back to Max Hare from the Silly Symphony made by Disney in 1935 from Aesop's THE TORTOISE AND THE HARE, which dates back to 6th Century Greece where Aesop was said to be a clever slave who stayed alive by telling his fables. Laemmle's suggestion reached Disney through his New York distributor and he did the Oswald The Lucky Rabbit cartoons in 1927 and 1928. When he was out to renegotiate a new deal in 1928, he found out that Universal owned the name of the character, that they wouldn't give him any more money, they could just get someone else to animate Oswald, etc. They did. They hired Walter Lantz to do that in 1929. That experience left Walt fed up with rabbits; and with the inspiration and drawing talents of Ub Iwerks, he turned to a mouse that became Mickey, one who knocked Oswald out of the running, even after Lantz had worked a miracle and changed him from a little black rabbit into a cute white bunny. Oswald was one of the blandest characters ever to disgrace animation and if Lantz had not come up with Woody Woodpecker his place in the history of animation would have been less than a footnote.

As for the Peter Rabbit competition, there is no doubt that Beatrix Potter won. All of her books are still in print and widely circulated, while it is practically impossible to find a Burgess book, even in the used bookstores. People collect Cady art. You might find the comic books if you have the patience to look through all those funny animal boxes at a big convention, but don't count on it. Some dealers have them; they just don't sell many funny animal comics at a con, so they don't cart them around. The Fago NEW ADVENTURES OF PETER RABBIT is on a par with Oswald, lots of tired clichés with an occasional panel that is worth a chuckle.

Information on Burgess is from his autobiography, NOW I REMEMBER, published in 1960 in Boston by Little Brown and Company. Check it out. Get literate. C.G.



SYNDROME FOLLIES: We've had POOH PERPLEX, CINDERELLA COMPLEX, PETER PAN and SNOW WHITE syndromes, so we ought to know it all, huh? Lots of poppsych gold in them old fairy tales. Some of you armchair shrinks out there might want to climb on the bandwagon. How about THE RAPUNZEL SYNDROME? This one psychoanalyzes young women (usually blondes) who compulsively throw their hair out the window whenever a man (usually a prince) happens to ride by. If you're really bored with the endless re-runs of the KUKLA, FAWN, AND OLLIE show on t-v, why not knock out something like THE RUMPLE-STILTSKIN SYNDROME--little men who help women make lots of gold then get pissed off when the women won't marry them. THE JIMINY CRICKET SYNDROME--You have a compulsive desire to play conscience to a puppet. If on the other hand you're a blockhead who wants to be a real boy, you're afflicted with THE PINOCCHIO SYNDROME. Oh, you're a short ugly hunchbacked guy who keeps grabbing women and running up into the belltower with them? Obviously, you're manifesting the major symptom of the QUASIMODO SYNDROME (see Victor Hugo for diagnosis). If you start giggling, gushing, and wriggling your ass every time you put on a lot of make-up and a red dress, you're a likely candidate for THE MARILYN MONROE SYNDROME. And, hey, if you're a guy, well, you oughta watch that. So get with it. Don't let those New York Harvard/Yale shrinks make all the big bucks; get into the act with your own syndrome. -C.G./'87.



COMIX PLUGOLA

Latest COMIX WAVE minis: Bob Sheridan's PUNGX 4, 5, and MR. TECHNIQUE 2. WEIRD FETISH (an idea we had in 1978), featuring cover by R. K. Sloane and Jeff Gaither, interior panels by Tim Boxell, Bob Vojtko, Michael J. Becker (who was art director of the Berkeley BARB at this time), John Howard, and Ray Weiland. My minis are 50¢/stamp each and WEIRD FETISH requires an age statement (over 18). It's a good practice to include an age statement whenever you order ug, alternative, newave, or mini-comix, because some are x-rated. That car on this page is from a great story in the latest EL VIBORA (#87). This Spanish ug mag is the size of HEAVY METAL and sells through the mail for about \$7 pp. Write to J. M. Berengueur, Plaza Beatas 3, Barcelona, Spain. Send \$2 for latest catalog which shows a lot of the covers.* Bay area people: There is a new comic story on University in Berkeley, COMIC RELIEF. Ugs, B/Ws, minis, golden age, Marvels, check it out.* THE UNPUBLISHED ADVENTURES OF MERF 'N EEDLE is \$1 from Scott Nickel, 921½ Crestwood Terrace, L A, CA 90042. DZ.* ZABAWNY 7 is 25¢/stamp from POB 3433, Merchandise Mart, Chicago, IL 60654.* THE BLACK CROSSES is 40¢/stamp from Renee Maciejewski, 3312 Fortunes Ridge Road, Midlothian, VA 23113.* TED 3, and 4 (\$2pp for both), 3-27 Bold St., Hamilton, Ontario, Canada L8P IT3.* UNDERGROUND SURREALIST MAGAZINE #1 is \$2/.73 post from Mick Cusimano, POB 2565, Cambridge, MA 02238. Mick runs his rejection slips, so if you haven't seen all those subtle editorial comments...* RAT FINK COMIX is \$2.50 pp from Starhead, POB 30044, Seattle, WA 98103 (see panel, top right).* SAN DIEGO COMICON is August 6-9. Info from POB 17066, San Diego 92117. See you there.* CEREBUS up to #97. Dave's going to hit 100 yet!* From COMICO, JOHNNY QUEST'S CLASSICS 1 by Doug Wildey.* A UFO story in THE SILENT INVASION 7 from Renegade Press.* WAXTOMCAT 1 and numerous other minis from William Dockery. 50¢/stamp each. Ask for list. 3226 River Ave., Columbus, GA 31904.* IDIOT SOLVENT 2/ 50¢/stamp, Paul Wilson, 3814 Oates Ave., Columbus 31904.* LUGUBRIOUS LAUGHS 6 is \$1 pp from Frank Young, 1112 S. Magnolia Dr., V-203, Tallahassee, FLA 32301. Back issues available.* Tom Watkins X-RAY is \$1 pp from POB 1159, Wilmington, DE 19899. It's free if you're in his neighborhood. Nice mag. 8½x11, 24 pp.* If you never get all the best editorial cartoons, you need the weekly tab, SANTA CRUZ COMIC NEWS. \$12 a year from POB 8543, Santa Cruz, CA 95061. The best of Conrad, Toles, Gary Larson.* Congrats to Berke Breathed. His BLOOM COUNTY took the 1987 Pulitzer Prize for editorial cartooning.*



COMIX WAVE

© CLAY GEERDES

TWENTY
YEARS
OF

all new
Zap
COMIX



ZAP COMIX: 1967-1987

I did not, let me confess, buy one of those two-bit ZAPS from either Crumb or his then wife, Dana, when they were peddling them on Haight Street. I learned about ZAP from an article that appeared in the San Francisco CHRONICLE. Kind of a nerdy picture of this thin guy with glasses. Crumb. Like most people, I read "Whiteman" and most of the other early Crumb stories in the Berkeley BARB or the EAST VILLAGE OTHER. Max Scherr started the BARB in 1965 and it was his habit to clip and reprint things he found interesting, ignoring copyrights as a kind of Establishment hang-up. Means that Crumb probably didn't get paid and he didn't have a lawyer at the time so Max didn't get sued. It was hip to be anti-Establishment at the time and while some people were for real, others simply assimilated the new attitude and packaged it for re-sale. Crumb was for real. He refused the Establishment offers, gave his comix to various companies, and went the way of a hippie, though his preferred lifestyle flashed back to the 1930s. By 1975, he was wearing a sport coat, conservative hat, and playing nostalgic music with the CHEAP SUIT SERENADERS.

I didn't pay much attention to the ZAPS or the few other underground comix that were on the shelves of the Psychedelic Shop until I happened to meet Roger Brand in the lobby of Sutter Cinema one afternoon. I had gone there to talk to Arlene Elster, an old Texas friend of Janis Joplin, who was running the Sutter in partnership with Lowell Pickett. This was around 1969. A documentary, PORNOGRAPHY IN DENMARK, had played the Presidio theater, showed explicit sex, and hadn't been busted. Elster, Pickett, and others in the erotic movie business saw this event as a green light. Erotic movies would move out of the closet and become legitimate entertainment. Before long there would be features, a new industry, lots of money to be made. Roger was doing ads for Arlene, his Sutter Follies, which appeared weekly in the BARB. He was thin, long-haired, bearded, the prototype hippy, always stoned. While Arlene was hyping the upcoming Erotic Film Festival, Roger told me about the comix, the undergrounds, the new comix, the revival of EC. He talked about the comics code of 1954 and the men who were put out of work because of it. His own REAL PULP and TALES OF SEX AND DEATH were EC revivalist comix with a vengeance. I started stopping by to see Roger at his house in Point Richmond. It was there that I met Joel Beck who lived a few blocks away. Roger had a good comic art library and he had read the books. He talked about Becker and Waugh and the others who had written the early histories. He had inked for Wally Wood for awhile and he had a store house of anecdotes about the industry and the insiders. It was Roger who stimulated my interest in comics, one which had been dormant for many years. At his suggestion, I stopped by the Print Mint warehouse on Folger in Berkeley and met Bob and Peggy Rita, Don and Alice Schenk, and too many artists to name in this limited space. Bob Rita gave me the ZAPS. I read them, and soon I was looking forward to them. ZAP was never well-organized; indeed, it's continuity was more accident than plan. Crumb did the first ones, then let Wilson, Moscoso, Shelton, and others in, and soon it was a closed scene. ZAP appeared about every two years, but Crumb was too fast for it. His comix were coming faster and faster, MOTOR CITY, BIG-ASS, HOMEGROWN, UNEEDA, DESPAIR, XYZ; his list is endless.

Crumb held nothing back. He still doesn't. He has to be the most honest of any of the underground cartoonists. Everything that has happened to him and everything he has imagined having happened to him appears somewhere in one of his comix. He anticipates his critics and interviews himself. He has opinions about everything and he never keeps them to himself. Clearly, he is a man who likes to define himself, one who never fails to attack his critics, particularly those who write for status magazines and like to intellectualize about his art. He's original, never imitative. There were no Vulture-Demonesses until they crawled out of Crumb's pen. His current biographies of obscure Blues musicians and his recent illustrated version of MOTHER HULDA in WEIRDO show him to be a careful scholar. Unlike many of his contemporaries, Crumb has never allowed himself to be sidetracked. He follows his own interests and if he makes some money along the way, fine; if he doesn't, he draws what he wants to draw anyway. Fortunately, he did not "work out" on Kurtzman's HELP! He was not destined to be the company man, forever meeting someone else's deadline. Unfortunately, very few have come along to follow Crumb's lead; the many have gone into companies to produce an explosion of mediocre second-hand super warriors; does it bother Crumb to see those who have the talent wasting it on imitations of clichés past? It bothers me.

As a comic, ZAP has survived 20 years. It is still in print, still widely read, still talked about, laughed at; for many, it is now nostalgia, something associated with a brighter period in their lives, a younger period. There are more copies of ZAP than any comic ever printed. Some years back, there was a ZAP anthology in the works at St Martin's Press in New York. The project was nearly completed when the publisher finally got around to looking at the artwork. The powers that be were horrified, probably by Joe Blow and Ruby the Dyke and the Guerrilla Women of the Third Reich, and the ZAP anthology was quietly cancelled. I'm not going to rehash all of Crumb's books here. You can look at THE CRUMB CHECKLIST for that or you can just wait for the COMPLETE CRUMB now in progress at Fantagraphics. It's enough to say that Robert Crumb has his place in history secured.

-CLAY GEERDES, June, 1987

COMIX WAVE 54. September, 1987. © Clay Geerdes, Box 7081, Berkeley, CA 94707. All Rights Reserved. Logo: Par Holman. This issue dedicated to Robert Crumb.* New CW minis: WEIRD FETISH, FRIED BRAINS 25, and BABYFAT 59. 50¢ stamp each.* Bob Vojtko's BUG INFESTED 4 is 75¢ pp from Jim Ryan, 41 Forest Ave., Albany, N Y 12208.* SAM MOGUL PRESENTS is 50¢ stamp from Tim Chwala, 7645 Sheridan Rd, Chicago, IL 60626.* MONSTERS AND MUTANTS II is \$1 pp from Jeff Gaither, 7339 St. Andrews Ch. Rd. Louisville, KY 40214.* CEREBUS 98 and PUMA BLUES 7 from A-V.* TALES OF JERRY S (art: Jane Taylor, dist. Last Gasp). From Renegade: KAFKA 2, SHADOWS FROM THE GRAVE, FRIENDS 1, FRENCH ICE 3.* OUT THE NEXT is \$2 pp from Cat-Head, POB 954, SSF, CA 94083.* Doug Wildey's RIO album from Comico.* EL VIBORA 86, 87, 88. \$7.50 each from J. M. Berengueur, See you in San Diego. Coverage and photos next issue.

CLAY GEERDES

ON REVIEWING

Reviewing. Seeing again. Looking back upon. Today reviews and Interviews tend to be events which happen. A book gets reviewed and the author gets interviewed. So and so was interviewed on Letterman the other night and he said blah blah..And it's all advertising these days, nothing more. It's all product. Surplus product at that. We have more books and movies and comic books on hand than we could possibly read or watch in a couple of dozen lifetimes and most of them are copies or imitations of copies and imitations. Television makes certain that the past is always with us; this means that it is virtually impossible to create anything new. Hey, pal, a superhero is a superhero whether he's wearing tights and a cape or a ninja outfit; he's just one more escapist fantasy and his interior life is no more interesting than the swiped panels he jumps around in. He's fun, sure, but he's not worth a review or interview, not to me. I'm interested in how real people deal with real problems in the real world these days, but that's seldom seen in print or on film.

I used to review things. Movies. Books. Plays. I did it all for various reasons, freebies, money, experience (I remember being challenged by the various forms of newswriting, so I did them all at least once, think pieces, reviews, columns..), and I didn't know many of my readers and didn't really care what they thought one way or another. Most writers don't. You write for yourself, not for "them." If I met someone and I liked the person, I would give them a hand selling the book, play, movie, whatever. I didn't care, particularly when the subject was neutral for me. I learned a lot. I was just filling up space in papers and magazines. I know that. For a little while, it was fun to see my name in print all over the place, but I soon ceased to care. I even used a lot of other names just for the hell of it. Some of the papers I worked for used several names for me, because they wanted to make it look like they had a bigger staff. I didn't care. I used my own name when other professors I knew were writing under pseudonyms because they didn't want their colleagues to know they were publishing in underground newspapers. I've always been glib, your typical fast-talking gemini, but at the same time I have my standards. When I review something, I've done the research and the facts are as accurate as I can make them. Blame it on that rigid training I got from Frank Dollard in graduate school. I've had a number of beefs with various comic zine writers over the years because I've corrected their errors. In nearly every case, they attacked me personally, calling me names and defending their right to put lies in print. Well, that's their problem. They're still doing it. I don't bug them these days, because I lost interest, but it still matters. If you're going to do the review or interview, you should do your background research first.

Well, gee, how do you do that when there hasn't been anything written about your subject? Maybe you've picked the wrong subject. Comic books are still a tough field. We still have no library. Everyone who writes in the field has to have his own copies of Baugh, Becker, Reitburger, et al. We still go to public libraries and find critical pages ripped out of books re comic art, and even if someone does establish an archive in some part of the country, it will only serve those rich enough to fly there to do their research; it isn't going to help the person in Sioux Falls who decides to become a comicologist. The point is, however, if you can't do the research and can't get to where you need to get in order to do it, then you're not the person to do the writing; you have to find something else to amuse yourself with. I would like to see the comic stores become a little less greedy and commercial and more education oriented, like to see them maintain some of the useful books re comic art, perhaps in a lending library capacity, like to see them maintain xerox copies of important articles. We can't blame public libraries for not ordering the books, because many of them do, only to have them stolen right away. There probably isn't a copy of SEDUCTION OF THE INNOCENT in any library in America. How could a library keep a book in circulation when it's worth a couple of hundred on the collector's market? I would suggest keeping a xerox copy at the reference desk, but it would take a librarian serious about comic history to get into that solution.

There has to be a reason for a review, you know. And what is the reason? Is the subject worth any print? Maybe. Maybe not. In America, it's purely a matter of money. Reviews increase sales. Sometimes. Depends on who is doing the review. That writer has to have status and credibility, otherwise, who the hell cares what he says? Fact is, most people do not know the reviewers. Well, if you don't know the reviewer, what do you care about what he says? Are you going to let some stranger tell you what you should



BIG WIMP 2!
Miranda Goldfarb, Keith Leaman
and Gary Cifra
GARY CIFRA
\$1.00 pp. 418 Brooks Ave.
Venice, CA 90291

read or watch? I never read any reviews of anything, did you know that? Well, I might look at one after the fact. I saw THE UNTOUCHABLES remake (yawn!) and read some piece in a local throwaway. I read it to see what he had to say about Brian De Palma, but I make it a point not to read this type of writing. If you want to WRITE it, you don't read it, you STUDY. You want to learn to draw comics, you don't copy other people's panels, you study art and draw from life. But, I know. That's the hard way, and we have as many imitation reviewers and critics around these days as we have secondary artists.

When I was a boy, there were no reviews that I knew about. I went in the drugstore near my house and there were comic books and detective magazines and paperbacks and I just picked out whatever struck my interest and bought it. I didn't need anyone to tell me that Carl Barks and John Stanley and Walt Kelly were the top comic writers. Their work stood out on the revolving rack. Well, there are more comic titles today, someone said. Too much. A glutted market. Someone has to sort through them all and note which are worth buying and which not. Oh, really? And who should that someone be? Don Thompson? Me? You? Thousands of books. Artists working and wanting. Talk about me and my book. Tell everyone how great I am. My superdog-bunny-mouse-ninja-elf is blah blah blah..Most people with fanzines have barely enough room to MENTION all the books let alone review or discuss them. I get pressure from readers to talk more about the artists who do the minicomics; well, I publicize their names all year long and I get around to noting what I think shows progress from time to time, and I feel most of what is done gets as much attention as it merits. I'm always pleased to see the artists get more extensive coverage in larger journals and zines. I don't have the room to do anything more than I am doing. I can give some advice to those seeking publicity and attention. First, you have to have your art together. If you're just starting out, your work is going to appear amateurish. That's what it is. It's your apprentice work. If anyone does review it, don't expect much. Don't expect fame and glory before you've done the work to deserve it. Over the years, I've seen a lot of nice artwork in the minicomic, but I've seen a lot of laziness and sloppiness, too. I think far too many people go into print before they should, but that's their choice. If art is your calling, you should be working to improve all the time and you should realize that publication of something that is inferior is going to reflect upon you now and in the future. I know so many artists who hate it when their early stuff is given to them to autograph at a convention. Being in print feels good, but what if it makes you look bad?

Before anyone can REview something, there has to have been something there to view in the first place.



The incredible Crumb is just reaching his stride these days. He's thinking some of the same ideas, but drawing them better than ever in HUP, the second issue of which is an all sex fantasy issue. In one story, Crumb speculates about being King. Mock heroism? Hey, the page below beats hell out of those tiresome Marvel pages. Crumb parodies Charley's Angels. Oh, izzat so? Well, they're still re-running out here. The panel top right is from "Footsy," a nostalgic little tale re Crumb's high school days (WEIRDO 20).



You never played Footsy? Where you from anyway? Yes, Tim Boxell is still doing COMMIES FROM MARS. #6 has some spicy and political stuff in it, just the thing to top off the Iran/Contra Follies. The page bottom right is from Tim's "A Fatal Fondness." Others featured are Sean Kerri, Kenneth Huey, and Rich Larson.* Some Great stuff in ANTI-SOCIAL 4. \$3.25 pp from Tom Roberts, 333 S. East Avenue, #209, Oak Park, IL 60302. CHICKEN SLACKS is \$2 pp (DZ) from 309 Oceanview, Encinitas, CA 92024. PAR HOLMAN'S SECRET FILES is \$2.39 pp from me. DZ. 16 pp.* THE CHOLERA MONKEY is 50¢ from T. K. Atherton, 3021 N Southport, Chicago, IL 60657.*



Three from Nick Cusimano:
TOASTING KEROUAC, BOSTON
BOBALON, and EVE OF DESTRUCTION
PARTY. \$1/stamp, POB 2565, Camb-
ridge, MA 02238.* MILO THE
MAGNET and BETTER LIVING WITH
THE FISH OF PAIN. 50¢/stamp
ea from Jayne Jain, POB 254,
Winoosky, VT 05404.* I RUN
DOWN YOUR STAIRS. 50¢ pp from
Scott Nickel, 921½ Crestwood
Terrace, L.A., CA 90042.* RAINING
ACTDBATMAN. 50¢/stamp from
Scott Stevens, 2725 Franklin,
#1211, Mesquite, TX 75150.*
POOT 11, \$2pp from Bob Sheridan,
10922 Fortune Ave., Cleveland,
OH 44111.* DISHAM 5. 60¢ pp
from John MacLeod, 48 Garden
St., Apt 201, Guelph, Ont., Canada
N1H 3A2.* WATER ROW REVIEW
1 is \$2 PP from POB 438, Sudbury,
MA 01776. cover drawing by
Spain. Crumb drawing of Bukowski
inside.* Crumb interviewed in
the Spring/Summer KALX program
guide. U of California, Berkeley
94720.* EL VIBORA 89, \$7 from
J. M. Berengueur, Plaza Beatas
3, Barcelona, SPAIN.* Robb Phipps
and Al Vey get a nod for some
fine art on the new First PSYCHO-
BLAST. If you like good thrillers,
this is it. -CLAY GEERDES



Comix Wave

by
Clay
Geerdes



COMIX WAVE 56. November, 1987. © Clay Geerdes, Box 7081, Berkeley, California. All Rights Reserved. Membership is \$7.50 a year. 12 issues of this newsletter are included.

THE GENTLE ART OF SWIPING

Swiping is so common these days that we tend to take it for granted. Much of the time it is unconscious and rather innocent, but it is often deliberate. We all read a lot and watch a lot of tv and see more movies than we really need to see and all of this material is programmed into our brains so that when we set down to do our own writing or drawing it is natural for the program to play itself out in our own work. Usually, this is not serious, but it can be. Most of the major movie makers, writers, and artists working today have been sued for plagiarism, many of them more than once. Such lawsuits are generally settled out of court for much smaller amounts than the suit, but they are as real to the pros in the business as malpractice suits to the doctors and surgeons.

Well, so what? Hey, man, everybody has a swipe file. Is there a cartoonist working who hasn't swiped a gag now and then? We all read MAD or NATLAMP, CRACKED or CRAZY, HUSTLER HUMOR and PLAYBOY, and those gags drift into our consciousness. Months, even years later, we sit down to draw a cartoon, thinking it is a brilliant idea we just came up with, and, when possible, we sell it. Embarrassing when we find out later on, by a chance re-reading of an old NATLAMP that we have swiped someone else's gag. HE may have swiped it, too, but we still feel a little bit disappointed that our own brilliance was really belated memory.

But, hey, you didn't even know about swiping, right? Didn't know that most working cartoonists keep what they call SWIPE FILES, that many of the guys who have to grind out monthly superhero stuff just whip out a standard pose from the file and put it on the old trace board, pencil it in on the art, and hurry on to someone they are really interested in working out. Who is going to spend a lot of time on assembly line art? Not everyone does this, naturally; there are people who re-draw that stuff over and over, indeed, there are guys who have drawn this or that super character so often they could do one while eating their lox an' bagels. It is likely that the most swiping is done by the newer cartoonists.

Now, I wouldn't want you to think there weren't some calculating plagiarists out there, out to make all the bucks they

can off someone else's ideas and labor, because there are a hell of a lot of those people around in the Reagan Era. It's very blatant in television where it has become almost company policy to swipe the latest best-sellers, make duplicate versions of them for tv, and run them long before the authorized film version has hit the malls. Each adventure series repeats the last with the stunts updated to include the latest in jazzy electronics and latex. When Glen Larson did the BIONIC WOMAN series to follow up the successful BIONIC MAN, his company often used the exact scripts over again. It's a lot cheaper and easier to remake than to do everything fresh. The stunts are all blocked out and planned and the dialogue is trivial anyway. Some of those same plots went through AUTOMAN and are now recycling through THE WIZARD, so if you don't know them by heart by now, stick to your tube.

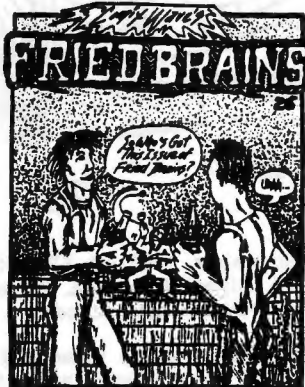
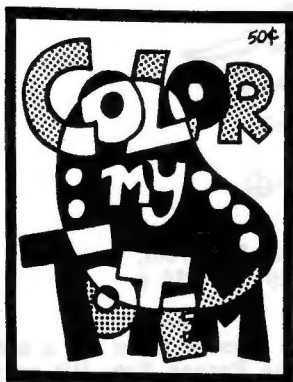
Plagiarism is hard to prove. Ideas cannot be copyrighted and neither can titles. This means there are a lot of ideas in art and prose which are basically the same; what differs is the treatment. It is a very different experience seeing Berni Wrightson's FRANKENSTEIN than it is reading the 1819 novel by Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley, but the idea and the story are the same. Compare the James Whale film with Boris Karloff and the gory 3-D Frankenstein done by Andy Warhol then make the leap to THE ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW; see how it works? One idea. Many different interpretations and versions.

It doesn't mean you're an evil person if you come up with someone else's idea; maybe you did it better, but it does put you in an awkward position with other creative people who may tend to see you as nothing but a swiper, an imitator with no original ideas or concepts.

Influence is a different matter. Everyday, I see ads in the magazines and on television which I know to be influenced by cartoonists like Jack Davis and Wallace Wood and Jules Feiffer. This does not mean that the artists are being ripped off or their ideas and style plagiarized; it means that they were so damned good at what they did that most of those who follow cannot help but draw a lot like them until they find their own particular style. Why, after all, would someone starting out in the business want to imitate the worst instead of the best?

CLAY GEERDES/9-25-86

Art
Lovers



COMIX PLUGOLA

Most of the comix mentioned these days are G rated, but some may not be, so it's a good idea to include an age statement with any order to anyone and save time.* The latest from COMIX WAVE: A collection of Par Holman's art (see ad below), and his latest 1987 mini: ONE NUKE CAN RUIN YOUR DAY! (50¢/stamp). FRIED BRAINS 26 with art by Sheridan, Morris, and Sloane, 50¢/stamp. FAN'TOONS 17 is available from Edd Vick for \$1.39. 5014-D Roosevelt Way NE, Seattle, WA 98105.* MISC COMICS #21 is \$1.50 from Randy Paske, 656 Birch Lane, Gilbert, MN 55741-9631.* THE WORKER POET 11 is \$2 from Michael Hill, 327 Pacific St., Franklin, PA 16323. MODERN MAN 2 is 75¢. Send Mike some stamps for post.* COLOR MY TOTEM is 50¢/stamp from Mary Fleener, 309 Oceanview, Encinitas, CA 92024.* Three nice ones from Renegade: ROSCOE THE DAWG 1 (Panel top right), RENEGADE ROMANCE (top left), and Brad Foster's MECHTHINGS 1.* San Diego Con coverage has been cancelled. C.G.

PAR HOLMAN'S SECRET FILES,
a 16 page digestzine from COMIX WAVE
\$2.00 PP. BOX 7081, BERKELEY, CA 94707





SNOW WHO?

Lot of hoopla going on due to the 50th anniversary of Walt Disney's version of SNOW WHITE. This animated blockbuster premiered at the Cathay Circle Theater in Hollywood on December 21, 1937. Walt and Lilly were onstage to receive the kudos from the film industry. Walt had won the race with Max Fleischer who didn't get GULLIVER'S TRAVELS in the theaters until 1939. The success of SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS kicked off the Golden Age of animation. Critics like Richard Schickel (THE DISNEY VERSION) may sneer all they like at Walt's low brow attitudes, but it was precisely this Midwestern consciousness that could come up with exactly what a Depression audience wanted to see and hear (after all, the songs sold millions of copies). Reality was unemployment, hunger, starvation, corporate theft, banks stealing the farms of small farmers all over Kansas and Oklahoma, police beating on the homeless, railroad toughs kicking the poor out of boxcars, so who better than a singing clod like Snow White to take everyone's mind off all of that for a dime? Hey, the poor could go to the movies in those days. Our whole family, two adults, and three kids, could go for 80 cents. Today's families stay home and watch t-v, because it would cost 20 bucks to get into the movies and another ten at the snack bar! Ah, Snow White. We loved her. She didn't really do anything but sing a few songs, clean house for the dwarfs, and run off with some strange prince she'd never seen before, but in those days a girl didn't have to do anything. She didn't have to have career goals, didn't have to work after school to save up money for college—Ha, college was for the well-to-do in those days, not for the mass of people just trying to stay alive. No, Snow White could reflect every girl's fantasy and wait for her prince to come.

Where was she from anyway? Disney said he adapted her from Grimm, but he really used what he remembered of a movie version of Snow White he saw as a boy. If we go back to the 1810 Grimm manuscript (one of those given to Brentano), we find a story about a mother jealous of the developing beauty of her daughter, so jealous that she decides to take her into the woods and abandon her to be killed by wild animals. Too Grim for the Grimms. By the time the story went into print in 1812, Snow White (Sneewittchen or Little Snow White) has a vain stepmother Queen, her own mother has died giving birth to her, and her daddy, the King, is nowhere to be seen. Being males, Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm liked the idea of evil stepmothers and witches, and a survey of their 200 tales turns up a lot of misogyny. Not at all the folklore purists they claimed to be (in Wilhelm's prefatory notes to the first two editions (1812 and 1819), The Grimms wrote and rewrote their "collected" tales over and over again, frequently changing their meaning. The old peasant woman they claimed as a source, Dorothea Viehmann, turns out to have been, not a German peasant woman at all, but the educated French daughter of an innkeeper. Sources for many of the stories turned out to be Grimm's wife and sister-in-law. Tsk! Tsk! Those interested in knowing what Frauds the Grimms really were can read the evidence in John M. Ellis' study: ONE FAIRY STORY TOO MANY: THE BROTHERS GRIMM AND THEIR TALES, University of Chicago Press, 1983. Just as the Grimms took liberties

with Snow White, so did Walt Disney. What he actually did was reconstruct the story, assimilating elements from several different fairy tales. About all that is left of Grimm in the Disney version is a jealous woman out to murder her stepdaughter. Snow White's arrival and exploration of the dwarfs' house is mostly Goldilocks and her awakening to the prince's kiss is Sleeping Beauty. In the Grimm version, the prince's servants were lifting the glass coffin and one of them stumbled. The jar knocked the piece of poisoned apple out of Snow White's mouth and behold, she lived! All of the sentimental touches were Disney. We see all kinds of animals that avoid one another in nature working in harmony with Snow White in a cleaning ritual that is pure Walt. When Snow White got to the cottage in Grimm, it was nice and clean and they knew of her presence because things were disturbed. But the major change Walt made was to age Snow White, to make her a teenager. In Grimm, she's seven years old all through the story, even when she returns to life and rides off with the prince. Hey, try to imagine the film without the seven dwarfs and what would you have left? Something almost as sickening as the love plot in GULLIVER'S TRAVELS.

SNOW WHITE is the heroine, but in what way is she heroic? What does she do that is admirable? We can see that the Queen is threatened by Snow White's developing beauty and we watch her take action. She deals with the threat to her vanity, but what does Snow White do? She is nothing but a victim and she is ultimately rewarded for being a victim. What kind of heroism is that? She doesn't fight back against the attempts of her stepmother to kill her; she doesn't even learn her lesson after being suckered twice; she bites right into the apple. In Disney's film, he makes the dwarfs heroic, having them chase the witch up on a mountain in a thunderstorm. We know from previous scenes that they are afraid of her and that they have to overcome their fear to fight her, but nowhere does Snow White do anything. As a mid-Depression behavioral model, what does Snow White say to her audience? The Queen says, if something threatens you, go after it, wipe it out, fight back; she would be a good feminist in anyone's book. Snow White is the passive victim who is rewarded not for what she is but for how she looks. She is freed by the huntsman because of her beauty. What would he have done if she were ugly, killed her? Ah, but she was only in the forest because of her beauty. Ugliness was no threat to the queen. Beauty is always a threat. Snow White is saved by her beauty. The Prince would have ignored her if she were ugly or plain. The Princes of this world have no use for plain folks. And after all, aren't we supposed to think Snow White rewarded in the end when her Prince rides her off to his father's castle and marries her? Isn't that what the Iowa farm girl is supposed to think in the darkness of that theater? The waitress in Illinois pregnant with her fourth child? The dimestore clerk in Minneapolis who got all those A's in high school? The latest Miss America probably believes it. Grace Kelly's prince will come and through the tabloids we will all find out how restricted the life of a princess is. Hey, maybe Snow White WAS rewarded after all.



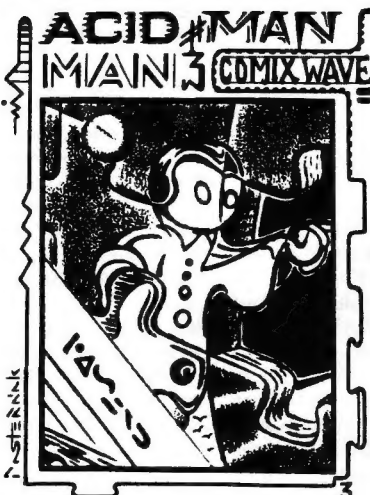
COMIX WAVE 57. December, 1987. © Clay Geerdes, Box 7081, Berkeley, California. All Rights Reserved. Membership is \$7.50 a year. 12 issues of this newsletter are included. This issue dedicated to the memory of Walt Disney. However critical I am of Snow White, I still love and appreciate the beauty of the animated film. C.G.

TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES



TURTLEMANIA

Kevin Eastman and Peter Laird were seen at a lot of Comicons this summer, usually surrounded by teenaged boys in search of original turtle drawings for their walls. They were profiled in a recent issue of COMIX SCENE. Their main title, TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES had a three page pull-out splash in #10 and the layouts are getting farther and farther out as you can see by the page from #11 below. Above is the cover of the next color album from First Comics. That aardvark looks a little familiar. -C.G.



1987

BABYFAT 57, 58, 59
ANTI-ARTIST 3, 4 (SHERIDAN)
RETROS 5,6 (JONES)
FRIED BRAINS 23,24,25,26
ONE-SHOT COMIX 2 (GREEN)
PUNGX 1-5 (SHERIDAN)
FRESH MEAT 1
SIETCH OF FLOWERS

ACID MAN 1,2 (PASTERNAK)
ALL IN YOUR MIND (ALDER)
MR TECHNIQUE 1,2 (SHERIDAN)
WEIRD FETISH
ANARCHY (GAITHER)
PAR HOLMAN'S SECRET FILES/DZ
ONE NUKE CAN RUIN YOUR DAY
(PAR HOLMAN)

BUY SOME MINI-COMIX
SUPPORT COMIX WAVE

INTRODUCTORY SPECIAL
\$5 FOR ONE DOZEN

BOX 7081

BERKELEY 94707

COMIX PLUGOLA

Things have been a little quiet on the mini-front lately which is a sign that most of the artists are either getting paid or laid or have found other things to do with their time. Kevin Collier is back on the scene with a newsletter, COMIXTALK, wherein he interviews comix celebs. There is an exhibition of Guy Colwell's paintings at La Pena in Berkeley. The show continues through October 31. Some idiot asked Bernie Kliban if he did his best work when he was in a "psychic despair mood?" I don't know what that is, but he was hung over when he came on for his session at the San Diego Con and most of what he said was negative.* For 25¢/stamp you get Michael Carroll's parody, ROBOSTICK. POB 645, Washington, Ohio 43085.* Hey, parody is anticipated today. Routine. MAD and CRACKED movie take-offs are taken for granted. When MAD first came out in the early fifties, people laughed hysterically at SUPERDOOPERMAN and STARCHIE and MICKEY RODENT, but I see people reading it with a straight face in 7-11 these days.* Ace Backwards has another TWISTED IMAGE out. \$1.73 pp from 1630 University Avenue, #26. Berkeley, CA 94703.* LUGUBRIOUS LAUGHS 7 is \$1 pp from Frank Young, III, 1112 S. Magnolia Drive, V-203 Tallahassee FLA 32301, USAGI YOJIMBO is out in a book from Fantagraphics, all the early stories by Stan Sakai. This Samurai bunny is one of my favorite characters these days, beautifully drawn. Sakai has the careful hand of a dedicated cartoonist. It's his drawing and the attitudes of his characters that revive all those old Samurai stories and make them palatable.* EL VIBORA 90 is \$7 from J. M. Berenguer, Plaza Beatas 3, Barcelona, Spain. The best sex and violence in comix today.* I finally saw a video tape of EATING RAOUL, now I know what the comic book was all about. They ate Raoul.* The new issue of FLAMING CARROT (16) has a lead story entitled "I Cloned Hitler's Feet!"* Dave Sim's CEREBUS passed 100 this year. #101 out now. A lot of people I've talked to think Dave ought to have some guest artists do covers. Hey, he's a gemini. I don't know if he could handle that.* The "psycho" drama continues in EDDY CURRENT 2 from Mad Dog Graphics.* PSYCHOBlast really starts cooking with issue #4. First has a winner. Fine artwork by Robb Phipps and Al Vey.* I hated the new POPEYE. Expect other Segar fans will feel the same way.* The first GRENDEL cycle winds up in #12 from Comico. My congrats to the Pander brothers for a beautiful job. GRENDEL was one of the most unique comic books artistically this year.

-CLAY GEERDES

